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Homer Croy Has Contributed
A Short Story To This Number.

CHICAGO LEDGER

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The Great Street Car Minstrel Show

EVERY morning the Editor, coming to work, attends a great minstrel show. It takes place on the Broadway car. The actors are the Fat Blonde Girl, the Little Man with the Mustache, the Young Man with the Tan Shoes and Broad Shoulders, the Old Man with Gold Spectacles Who Keeps His Nose Buried in His Newspaper, the Tall Young Lady with the Gold Eyeglasses, the Man in the Flannel Shirt, the Two Boys with Sleek Hair and Scrubbed Faces, the Handsome Devil with the Bow Tie, the Conductor in the Faded Blue Coat with Brass Buttons, the Plain Little Woman in the Bonnet, the Stocky Man with the Grouch, the Vacuous Looking Woman with the Pale Face and Blue Eyes, the Ham Actor with the Fur Lined Coat, the I. W. W. Fellow with the Three Days' Beard, the Girl with the Wonderful Brown Eyes, the Young-old Man with the Bald Spot on His Head, and several dozen others.

The orchestra to this minstrel show consists of the massive motors underneath the car, the gear wheels that rattle and scream and roar, trying their best to drown out the show itself.

And here's the show—at least one act of one morning's performance of it.

Ready?

Curtain up.

* * * * * * * *

"An' I says to him, says I, you big stiff, for two cents I'd wring your neck. An' he says:

"I tried to make them out of percale, but they always faded in the wash. The dyes are so poor. The directions on the box said:

"Go on, Kiddo, you know your lunch hour is 1 P. M. I'll be waitin' outside the revolving door. And if the boss says anything, you just tell him this: Tell him:

"Capital is the greatest menace that we have today. The French revolution will be nothing to the great anti-capital war that will break some day. Labor makes no unjust claims. It says simply this:

"I played with Mansfield for two years. The man is a wonder. But Shakespeare seems to be dead. The moving pictures have knocked the legitimate out almost. One director told me recently:

"But, Dick, really you can't expect more salary when you've only been out of school and working for three months. When you've been there three more months, go to your employer and say:

"Get onto that chicken trying to cross that mud puddle. If she pulls her skirts much higher, she'll be arrested sure. Some cop'll say to her, he will:

"How can one put up much fruit these days at the price of sugar? I put up ten quarts of strawberries last week, and when Henry saw the grocer's bill for the sugar, he said:

"Murder, murder everywhere. Every page of the paper carries some details of it. What are we coming to? I am convinced of this one thing:

"Joseph Conrad is a genius at writing sea stories. I feel the tang of the sea and smell the waves when I open a page of one of his books. Strindberg?—no! I don't care for Strindberg. I don't like his utterances. In my translation, I find a statement by Strindberg where he says:

"I made twenty passes with the dice in a row, and cleaned up the whole game. An' all I had when I started was a nickel. I told Heiny, the elevator man, about it, and Heine says:

"The ruffle around the bottom makes all the difference in the world. If you put the ruffle there, you can't have an accordion pleat, however. My dressmaker told me only the other day that:

"Luke McHugh cleaned up Battling Swanson in ten rounds, I tell you. It was a decision fight and not a knockout. I was in Philadelphia the night of the mill. The man next to me shouts:

"Buy a dustless American oil mop. They can't be beat. The directions are on each box. They say:

"Chicago hasn't a chance for the pennant this year. I saw it clear in the beginning. I know Henry McFarb, the great shortstop. Henry claims:

"Well, the photographs were underexposed. Or else a cloud passed over the sun. Try this next time:

"Hold your two kings, and break the bobtail flush. The doctrine of chances is against filling the flush with four players in the game. If asked to show openers, you can then spread 'em out and say:

"Grand avenue. All out. W. D. Boyce Company plant one block to the east."

And the show is over for the morning.

The Editor

The English Monkey Echoes Back

Editor Chicago Ledger:

Dear Friend (for I have come to feel that you are all of that)—Having read your account of your several attempts to enter the fiery portals of old Satan's super-heated domain, I cannot help but think that you would have saved yourself much trouble (after you had eaten your fill of the English Monkey, or first cousin to Mr. Welsh Rarebit, as you described your cheesy dish), if you had first repaired to a theatrical costumer's and encased your six feet of physical construction (we take it you must be at least six feet, possibly in your stockings, if you are wearing them these profiteering days) in a tight-fitting red devil's suit, with elongated tail and the usual scowling, horned mask, and at your very first approach to Satan's main gate of admission stalked right in as if you had been there for years and already had gained an exalted position on old Beelzebub's staff of trusted officials. Then, as I am well convinced, you would probably have had no trouble at all of gaining an easy admittance to the horned chieftain's thoroly warmed abode. Super-heated, which term I have previously employed, seems to me to be the more appropriate one, for the Devil, as we are told by the orthodox propounders of penalties in store for some of us when we land across the Styx, has never been known to run short of coal or stokers. (I imagine, too, that you would make a cracking good stoker; that is, if you can stoke coal as well as you stoke the Ledger.)

I have derived these thoughts from a sermon I once heard at a Methodist camp meeting. Two fearless fellows had invaded the camp ground and had proceeded to distribute handbills advertising a masquerade ball to be given by a volunteer fire company. One of the little bills was finally handed up to the famous evengelist.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, holding the bit of paper aloft at arm's length. "Masquerade ball! One of these devilish affairs that are leading many of you to destruction. Well, all I've got to say about it is this: If any of you contemplate attending this Devil's shindig, I advise you to wear the Devil's costume and enter fully into the Devil's pastimes. But remember this—you can't fool God, not if you wore a shining coat of mail over your red Devil's suit. Furthermore, next Friday night you will find two avenues open to you—one leading to this beautiful grove and another to the town hall. And please remember this, which I quote from the Good Book, 'Broad is the road that leads to death. Let us pray.'" IRA DICKINSON.

Would Exercise Him.

Doctor—The matter with you is that you are not out enough.

Patient—I'll be out enough when I get your bill, Doctor.

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

A Shrewd Man.

Patron—Why do you have such poor music in your restaurant?

Proprietor—It relieves the pressure by giving the people something besides the food to find fault with.

Mutual.

"Dear May," wrote the young man who had been turned down the night before and craved vengeance. "Last night I proposed to you, but really have forgotten whether you said yes or no. These little things slip one's mind so."

"Dear Will," she wrote back. "I was so glad to get your letter. I remember having said no to some one last night, but had forgotten to whom. These little things certainly do."

An Offer Scorned.

"Did you insult that honest workingman?"

"I'm afraid so," said the employer. "I offered him $50 a week for forty-four hours of his time."

Sorrow's Crown.

"What's the matter, old man? You look unhappy."

"I am. I am almost as unhappy as a woman with a secret that nobody wants to hear."

Plain Truth.

He (after the quarrel)—Then what did you marry me for?

She—Mother figured it up at the time and said it was for about a million and a half, I think.

Inquisitive.

The precocious infant had just returned from his first day at school, registering intense ennui. The anxious family gathered around.

"Donald," asked his mother, "what did you learn today?"

"Nothing."

"What, nothing at all?"

"Nope; there was a woman there who wanted to know how to spell cat, so I told her. That's all."

Janet's Choice.

Visitor (the doctor's wife)—You are very ill, Janet. Do you not think you ought to have medical advice?

Janet—Thank you kindly, mum, but I'd rather die a natural death.

The Bargain Counter.

Browne—Say what you will of Brooks, he surely is generous and liberal with his friends.

Towne—Yes, he even has a habit of giving his friends away.

Every Little Helps.

Director—We will buy your play, but quite a bit will have to be cut out and new scenes written before we can use it.

Scribbler—What parts can you use?

Director—The title.

That Wakened Him.

Doris—I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips just now.

Jack—No—er—it was only a piece of grit in my mouth.

Doris—Then for goodness sake swallow it—you need some!

$13.95 Goodyear Raincoat Free.

Goodyear Manufacturing Company, 4108 Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to their friends. If you want one, write today.—Advertisement.

Brain Teasers.

Enigma.

376—I help to give you health, happiness and peace; sorrow and war are strangers to me. I am ever in danger, but never hurt.

Without me your senses are incomplete; I dominate everything and put an end to failure; in fact, success and I are inseparable.

Who am I?

Fractional Famous Men of Today.

377—

1
3-8 of a flower.
3-7 of brief reference.
2-5 of a tree.
2-7 of a hearer.

2
2-9 of one of the U. S. A.
1-5 of a tree.
2-3 of an animal.
1-5 of a point of the compass.

3
1-4 of a flower.
2-5 of a river in France.
1-5 of a boat.
1-6 of one of the U. S. A.
2-3 of a jewel.
3-5 of a musical instrument.
1-3 of an animal.

Double Beheadings.

378—1. Behead to sleep and have timber sawed into beams. Behead again and have a reddish brown color.

2. Behead a current of air and have a collection of logs fastened together for a boat. Behead again and have towards the stern of a vessel.

3. Behead custom and have a wise man. Behead again and have to become old.

Six-word Square.

379—1. Copied.
2. To take away.
3. Plural of to please.
4. One of the trigonometrical functions.
5. One who makes even.
6. To abandon.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

372—Hidden Rivers.

Trigis, Severn, Ob, Tiber.

373—Riddle-me-ree.

Lecture. 1. Fleur-de-lis. 2. Edelweiss. 3. Shamrock. 4. Thistle. 5. Lotus. 6. Rose. 7. Cherry blossom.

374—Four-word Square.

T H O R
H O P E
O P E N
R E N T

375—Syncopated States.

1. Vermont-Tremont. 2. Wyoming-Mowing. 3. Florida-Florid. 4. Maine-Main. 5. Utah-Hat. 6. Texas-Seat.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Knew More Than Some Folks.

Purchaser—You told me that parrot I bought of you was the most intelligent bird in your shop, while the fact is it doesn't talk at all.

Dealer—That's what I meant when I spoke of his intelligence, mum.

A True Index.

Wallace—Jobling's face is an index to his troubles.

Hodgson—Why, I think he has a decidedly vacant expression.

Wallace—Just what I said.

A What?

First-class Scout—What is a ten-sided figure?

Tenderfoot—A dead parrot.

First-class Scout—A what?

Tenderfoot—I mean a poly-gone.

Extremes Meeting.

"The electrician who was on the spot was certainly a live wire."

"How do you know?"

"I could tell by the way he handled the dead one."

In His Favorite Language.

"An altruist, Tommy, is one who subjugates his own interest to the interest of his fellow man."

"I got yer. He's a guy what makes a sacrifice hit."

End of Flirtation.

"What became of that girl Masherton was flirting with last summer?"

"You mean the girl Masherton thought he was flirting with? She married him."

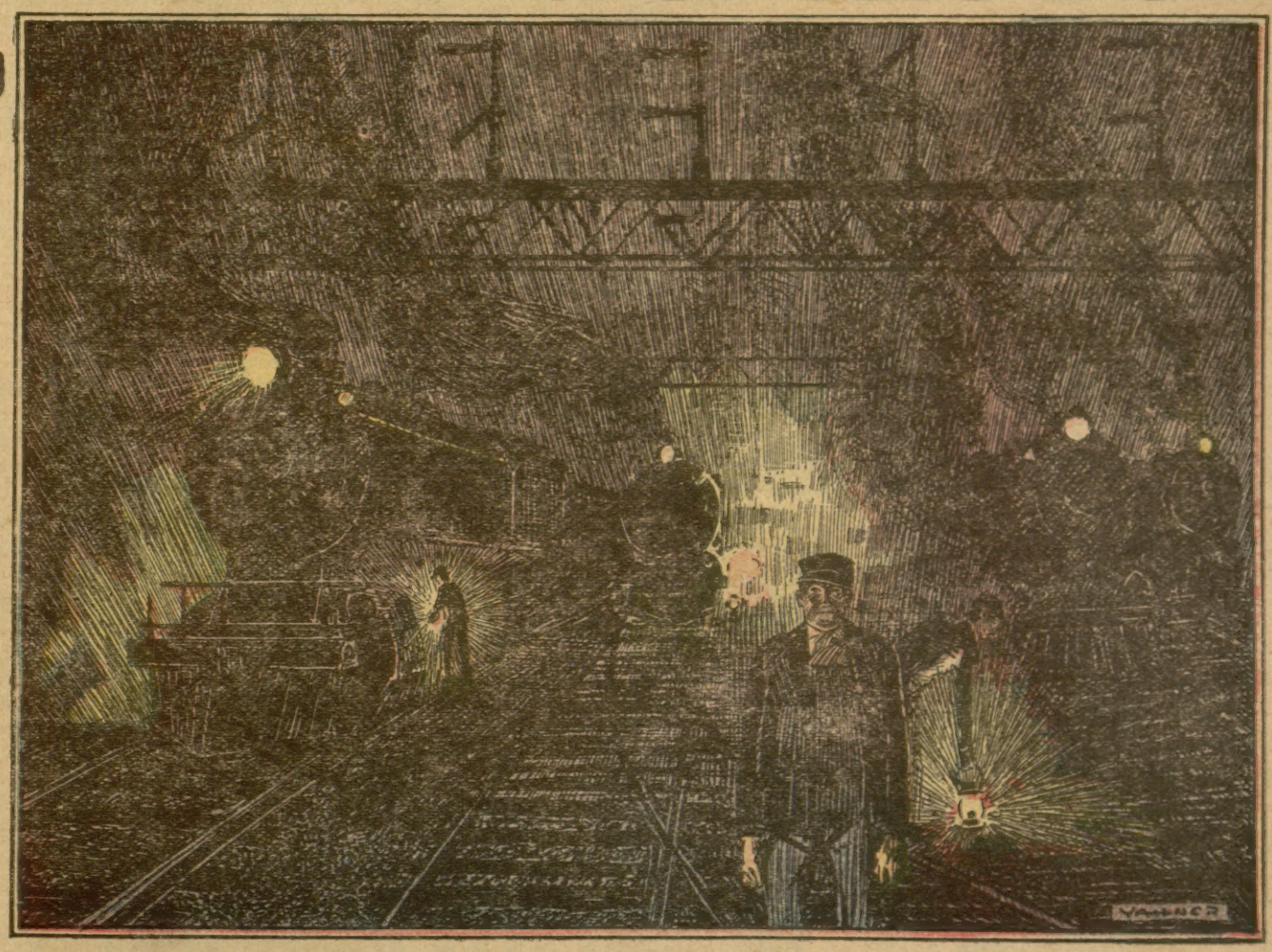
Cash Ran Out.

"How long did your honeymoon last?"

"Why, just like the other moon, it faded away with the last quarter."

The Man Afraid of His Job

by JAMES W. EARP



"We'll Give Dolan a Chance Tonight to Show How Fast He Can Wheel One of Them Hogs."

DISPATCHER Jimmy Donnely was afraid of losing his job. He had always had a fear of unemployment. As a boy he remembered the times he went to school on an empty stomach, with an empty lunch box in his hand and had robbed other lunch boxes to stay the cravings of his stomach. Those were the days of black despair that Jimmy did not care to look back upon. Whenever he did he felt nauseated.

So it was but natural as he climbed upward on the rungs of the railroad ladder of success he still carried that fear in his heart that some day he would lose his job and have to begin all over again. That thought was never out of his mind. Consequently, as the years flew by, he overdeveloped his bump of caution and grew to be a standpat conservative.

He wasn't what you would call a brilliant man; neither was he a handsome man; he belonged to the super-safety first crew of believers and the ordinary run of lookers. But he was an A-No. 1 dispatcher, and when the vacancy came for a night chief dispatcher, Jimmy was given it. Now there was a vacancy for a day chief and Jimmy wanted it. Wanted it more than he let on. Up to the night he unintentionally overheard a conversation between Superintendent Brown and Mr. Hitchcock, the general manager, he supposed when the time came he would be given it.

He had gone into the super's office after some papers he had left there. Not finding them he had stepped into the anteroom adjacent. It was while in there that the super and the G. M. entered the office. Of course, Jimmy could have walked out, spoken to them, and that would have been the end. Instead, he hung back. Why? He could never explain. But hang back he did. Perhaps it was Brown's first sentence that made his decision. He listened without meaning to.

"Mr. Hitchcock, what we need in that position is a man with initiative, more initiative and a hek of a lot more initiative! Some one with pep to give away and then have some left over. Understand? Some one with plain old nerve. Not mere nerves, mind you, but N-E-R-V-E, nerve."

"I see," said a voice which Jimmy recognized as the general manager's. "What seems to be wrong with him?"

"I only wish I knew," came in Brown's tones with what sounded like a groan. "The best I can make out of it is that he is all right as a worker but no good as a leader. What we need in that position is a man who can think for himself and do things on his own hook and do them right."

"True, true," then said the general manager. "How does he get along on this night chief's job?"

Jimmy could not see the expressive gesture the super made, but he felt it when he heard Brown snort:

"Just gets along. That's all! He never makes a move without asking Wilne's advice. Calls him up all hours of the night to ask if he can do this, or if he can do that. Absolutely, the boy doesn't seem to have a bit of faith in his own judgment. I don't like that!"

"No more do I," said Hitchcock. "When does Wilne leave us?"

"Next week."

"Humph," grunted the other. "Any one in mind?"

"Hang it all—no! What I want in that position, Mr. Hitchcock, is a man with good red blood in his veins, not soda water; a man who will hurdle obstacles, not walk around them! The Look-before-you-leap men and Be-sure-you-are-right-then-go-ahead men were all right for their day, but nowadays they would be prehistoric relics when speed is not a luxury, but a much-needed necessity. In short, I want a man who can take work off my shoulders, not one who will put more on."

"I understand," Hitchcock spoke slowly. "I'm sorry. I had hopes for the boy."

"So'd I," snapped Brown. "Until I put him in as night chief. Since then I've been wondering if I hadn't made a mistake. And I don't like to make mistakes in men."

"No more do I," answered the general manager. "It isn't that we are so brainy that shoves us up in the world, it is that we know how to pick men who will reflect credit on our department that does it."

"Well," grunted the super, "I've sure picked a flivver when I picked Donnely."

"Get rid of him," said the G. M. "How was he as a dispatcher? But then I know without asking. He was good."

"Best ever. Safe as safe could be. Never made a mistake or anything."

"Does he make them now?" asked Hitchcock.

"That's it," groaned Brown. "He doesn't. But then, as I said before, he never makes a move without first asking Wilne what he must do. See? He puts it all on Wilne. No come-back."

The man in the anteroom leaned against the sill in stupefied wonder. Here was a man who was complaining because an employe never made mistakes. His heart rankled with the injustice of it. Jimmy Donnely clinched his hands nervously. He listened eagerly to what Hitchcock was saying.

"Well, let things rest until after the change and we'll see what we can do with him. I'm sorry, tho, for him."

"So am I," said Brown. "Hang it all, I believe he is scared of losing his job, which accounts for his lack of nerve. And a man afraid of his job is a man who is worthless to his employer."

"I agree," said Hitchcock. "Ready? Let us go."

A moment later and Jimmy Donnely was alone.

JIMMY DONNELY'S sleep was much broken the next day by horrible nightmarish dreams, in which Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Brown played star parts. When time came for him to get up he was worn out and more tired than when he retired.

The landlady handed him his mail. There was a letter from Billy. Good old Billy! Wild, harum-scarum Billy 'tis true, but still he was a good pal. It was he who had started Jimmy on his way up. He opened the letter and read:

"Dear Old Plug":

Jimmy uttered his best substitute for a cuss word. Why remind him of the fact that he was a plug? Hadn't his boss and the G. M. both said so? He read on:

"I've taken charge of Dad's branch stores in Chicago and need a live wire for an assistant, some one with pep and initiative like yourself. What do you say? If you want a job for life, come on with me.

"Workingly yours,

"BILLY."

Jimmy grinned. Oh, yes, there was a postscript. There usually was in Billy's letters. Jimmy read the P. S. carefully. It said: "And I'll pay you more than you are getting now."

Jimmy Donnely squared his jaw and nodded grimly. He was thru with the Siwash Division and all concerned. They could have their initiative and their hurdle-jumpers and all the rest of the freaks. He'd get him a job where good, hard, steady, honest work was appreciated.

"Fire me, eh?" he muttered angrily. "Huh, I'll show them a trick worth two. I'll just jump at Billy's offer and tell them to go jump in the lake."

He got out his pen and paper and wrote immediately.

My Dear Billy:

Let me know when to come and I'll be Jimmy on the job as soon as I can get them to accept my resignation. Must have $250 a month.

Efficiently yours,

JIMMY.

He posted the letter on his way to work. After it was in the box it seemed a heavy load was lifted from his shoulders and he hummed an old air quite gaily. The humming of the air reminded him that it had been many moons since he had seen a play of any kind. He promised himself to see all of them when he got settled in Chicago with Jimmy. What was the use of drudging for those who never appreciated it? Echo answered: "No use at all."

The day chief looked up in amusement when Jimmy came into the door whistling. Usually Jimmy slid in quietly, asked the necessary questions about the line-up and went to work. But this time it was a different Jimmy who entered. He seemed somehow to have changed.

Wilne gave him the line-up. When he had finished he said:

"If there's anything comes up, why call me up as usual."

Donnely turned on him furiously.

"Thanks, Wilne, but I don't need your help at all. Keep it until asked for."

A hurt look came into Wilne's eye. Jimmy saw it and in an instant Jimmy Donnely was all contrition. He grasped the day chief by the hand and muttered penitently:

"Forgive me, old man, I didn't mean to be rude. My nerves hav been on edge all day and I haven't slept a bit well."

Wilne scratched his head. This sudden change of mood wasn't quite to his understanding. Nevertheless he shook the hand extended then departed.

Jimmy took his seat, at the desk, grabbed a pencil and jabbed at a piece of paper viciously.

"Efficiency? Huh! Initiative? Huh! I'll show them."

From his window he commanded a full view of the yards and the roundhouse. The flashing of the lanterns of the men at work, the crashing of the cars as trains were made up and the hoarse barking of the switch engines all acted on his nerves and irritated him.

A switch engine chug-chugged lazily by under his window. On the footboard was a switchman at ease, a pipe in his mouth and his lantern dangling from the hook at the side. Jimmy smiled scornfully. This was what they wanted. Laziness and carelessness were virtues in this modern age. Huh!

He turned to his work again. Hardly had he put the pen to paper when the same switch engine chug-chugged lazily by on its way back over the same route. In an instant Jimmy was on his feet and throwing up the window he yelled:

"Get away from here with that engine! What do you think this place is, a parade ground for you fellows?"

The man on the footboard shifted his cigarette and drawled lazily:

"Gwan you big hunk of cheese! Back to the soda fountain for you. You've lost them little gold bars since the A. E. F. disbanded biz."

Jimmy slammed down the window and drowned out the derisive laughter which was borne upward to him. The dispatchers looked up in surprise when Jimmy uttered a whole-souled:

"D—n!"

After that he felt better. Johnson looked up at him curiously as he said:

"Donnely, Conductor Patterson says they've busted a flue and can't bring in their train. He wants instructions."

Donnely reached automatically for the 'phone and took the receiver from the hook to call Wilne.

"Number please," said central coolly.

"None of your business," snapped Jimmy and hung up. To Johnson he said: "Ask him if he can handle caboose and engine in?"

Johnson lifted his eyebrows in surprise, but obeyed.

"He says he can," he informed Donnely.

"Then," said Jimmy, "tell him to make it snappy."

The first battle is always the hardest. Jimmy had won his first battle with himself and he was happy. He even went out of his way that night to take the initiative in handling situations and somehow or other he wasn't surprised when just before midnight Johnson leaned back in his chair and exclaimed:

"They've done it now!"

"Done what?" Jimmy was at his elbow in a twinkling.

"Dolan smashed into the rear end of that stock train and scattered cars all over creation. Conductor Kelly on the stock train says it's the worst mess he ever saw. Call the wrecker."

"Is Kelly on the 'phone?" demanded Jimmy, ignoring Johnson's remark about the wrecker.

"Yes."

"Let me speak to him."

Kelly was there. Jimmy barked a few questions at him about the nature of the wreck, what they needed, if any one was hurt and so on. Kelly answered tersely, but his answers were complete. Jimmy then ordered the wrecker. Johnson scratched his head in perplexity as he turned his chair over to his relief. Something was wrong with Donnely, but to save him he couldn't diagnose the case correctly.

"Night," said Jimmy suddenly. Johnson jumped.

That was the first time Donnely had ever spoken like that. Usually he was calm. But then this had been a most unusual night, so far as Donnely was concerned. Johnson turned.

"Good night, Donnely. Good luck."

AN UNEXPECTED spurt of business put an additional burden on the already taxed to the limit load the me-

(Continued on Page 24.)

Jungle Treasure

By Wilder Anthony

Refresh Your Memory With This

The witch-doctor spoke to Varden alone and gave him a small packet which was, Maka said, the rightful property of Ruth. He charged the young man not to let any one take it from him until he was "in the place of dead men's bones." As Hugh left the cave he came upon the girl struggling in Moreau's arms, and Varden threw himself at Moreau for he realized that he felt an overpowering love for her.

In the fight, Hugh was victorious and afterward, when Ruth bound up the old wound which had been torn open, he kissed her and the both confessed that they cared in spite of the fact that she was married. Moreau overheard them and saw the kiss; altho he pretended to call a truce he did not forget, and later when they had set out in a party to look for the treasure, he trapped Varden on a ledge and forced him to jump from the cliff into the rock-studded pool below.

Contrary to Moreau's hopes, Hugh was not killed but landed safely and unknown to his enemies swam from the stream. He found himself in a strange rock-surrounded region inhabited by strange, hairy beast-men. Moreau appeared, and from a hiding-place Varden watched him gesticulating and giving commands in their language to the little men. In a stalactite cave, concealed by a jutting formation, Hugh listened to a conversation between Gilbert Nash and Moreau. He learned that Nash was not Ruth's father and was plotting against her to obtain the treasure; neither was Moreau legally her husband. Hugh now remembered the mysterious packet Maka had given him, and determined to open it and learn the secret lest the papers it no doubt contained be taken from him. Just as he started to retrace his steps, he found himself hemmed in by Moreau's bodyguard of beast-men and they attacked him ferociously.

This story began in No. 42 the Ledger for Oct. 16. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or from newsdealers.

CHAPTER X.
THE MYSTERIOUS PACKET.

WHEN the light of returning consciousness came back to him, Varden lay still for many minutes, wondering where he was and what had happened to him. Finally, as his mind cleared somewhat, he became aware of a strange roaring sound, like the rushing of water or a high wind, and he realized dimly that a pale anxious face was hovering over him. It was very sweet, that face, and for a little he watched it languidly, content to lie still, for he felt weak and tired. To his clearing gaze the features of the face gradually took shape, until all at once, almost as a picture flashes into reality on the plate of a camera, his mind grasped the fact that the face was familiar. Pale and drawn, distorted and unnatural looking as it was, it was nevertheless the sweetest face in the world—the face of Ruth Nash.

She saw the growing light of reason in his eyes.

"Hugh!" she breathed. "Hugh! Hugh, dear! They didn't kill you! You're waking up at last! Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

"Who—what's the matter, Ruth? Oh, I remember now!"

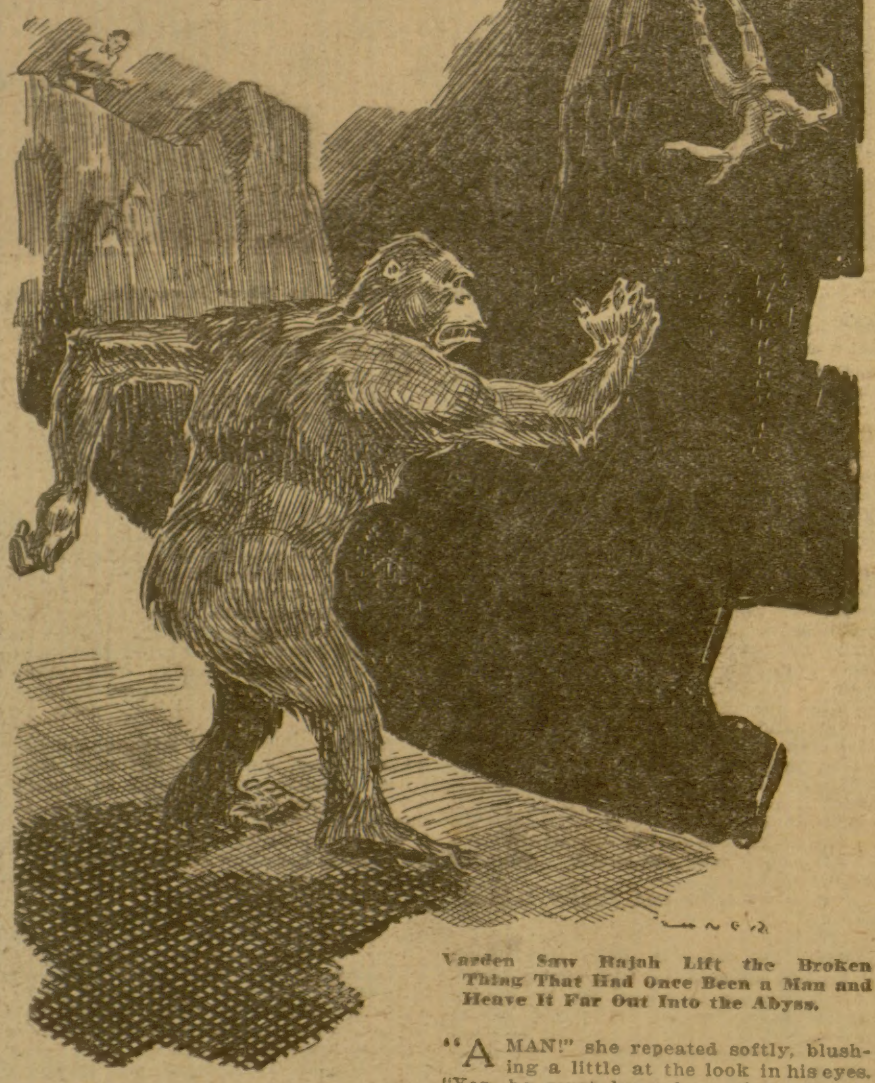
Varden sat up hurriedly and looked around. For a moment he reeled dizzily and terrible pains shot thru his temples, but this soon passed, and his vision cleared rapidly. As soon as he could take stock of his surroundings he saw that they were in a small, rock-walled room which was lighted by the flare of a torch stuck in a cleft of the wall. He had been lying upon a thick pile of dried leaves directly opposite the dark mouth of a passageway, which seemed to be the only opening the room possessed. At first the roaring noise he had heard in his dreams, and which was still strong in his ears, puzzled him; then he saw that it came from a rushing stream of water about a dozen feet wide that ran across one end of the chamber and disappeared beneath the wall on either side.

Steadying him with an arm around his shoulders, Ruth bent forward anxiously. "Don't try to get up yet," she admonished. "Take your time. You were struck on the head. It's not serious, I think; but there's no hurry. Here, drink this." She raised a tin cup of cold water to his lips.

He drank gratefully, then he pushed the cup away and smiled. "I'm all right now, dear," he said. "I remember what happened. I was looking for you when those hairy devils jumped on me there in the stalactite cave. But where are we?"

"In the caves," she answered. "They carried you in here to me an hour or two ago. Oh, Hugh, I thought you were drowned! When you jumped off the bridge I thought—I thought—I couldn't see how you could possibly escape. Then, when I was nearly crazy, they carried you in here. They had searched you first and found something, I think, for they were much excited. Moreau and Dad have gone somewhere and we are alone, but there is a guard in the passage."

"Searched me!" As he repeated the girl's words in a startled tone, Varden reached for his money-belt, and groaned. "It's gone," he muttered. "Gone! The only proof we had is gone!"



Varden Saw Hajah Lift the Broken Thing That Had Once Been a Man and Heave It Far Out Into the Abyss.

"What proof?" she asked wonderingly. "What has gone, Hugh?"

"The packet that Maka gave me," he answered, with another hopeless groan. "It contained the secret of the treasure, I think, and other far more important information for us—for you. I was just going to examine it when they attacked me. I'm not sure, of course, but I think that packet is the key to everything." He paused for a little to collect his thoughts, then he told her of the conversation he had overheard in the cavern.

She listened breathlessly, fairly hanging upon the words as they fell from his lips, and at the end her face was radiant.

"I knew it!" she exclaimed; "I knew it. Tho I hardly ever dared to mention it even in my thoughts. I knew a long time ago that there was something wrong—some mystery that I could not understand. Oh, Hugh, you'll never guess what a relief it is to me to know that I'm not that brute's wife, or that——"

She paused abruptly, and her face, from being all aglow, clouded suddenly like an April sky—now sunshine, now gloom.

"But—but," she faltered, with trembling lips, "Dad—my poor father, my real father, Hugh! If this man is not my father, what have they done with him? Is he—have they——?"

"I'm afraid so, dear," he said soothingly, patting her hand. "I'm afraid so. You must try not to think of that. He's beyond harm now, at any rate."

"Poor Dad," she went on musingly, half to herself, "poor Dad! After all, I'm really not so much surprised. There have been so many things, so many little intimate things during the past two years that have not seemed right to me. Still, I never should have known it or even guessed it by myself. I merely thought that the rough life here and the companionship of Victor Moreau had hardened him, Hugh. He was so different from what I had expected, and everything was so strange. Perhaps I shouldn't say so, but I can't help being glad of it all—glad that I know, I mean. It is an awful feeling when one cannot trust her own father, Hugh. Now that I know that this man who calls himself Gilbert Nash is not really my father, I can——"

"You can remember that your father was a man," Varden finished for her. "Whatever happened to him, Ruth, you may be very sure of that. Knowing you, no person could ever doubt that your father was all that and more."

"A MAN!" she repeated softly, blushing a little at the look in his eyes. "Yes, he must have been that. I like to think that, Hugh. I like to think that he must have been like you. Oh, how I wish that he might have known you, dear! But——" Her eyes grew fearful and her face suddenly clouded again. "But are you quite sure there is no mistake, Hugh? I was married, remember, married in our own house by a traveling missionary. Oh, it would be terrible if I should prove to be Moreau's wife, after all!"

"There's no fear of that," he declared. "I'm sure of it. It was a trick, I tell you. Some friend of Moreau's rigged out as a missionary, that's all. It's an old game in these wild countries, almost as old as the jungle itself."

"Just the same I wish we could have seen the contents of that packet. Still"—and her eyes became hopeful once more—"since he gave you the packet, Maka must know what it contained, and Maka is our friend. He'll tell us, Hugh."

Varden nodded a little absently. At that moment he was wondering if they should ever see Maka or any other friend of theirs again. He doubted it. From the words he had heard pass between Moreau and his partner a few hours before he judged that they both were destined for some horrible end, for he knew that the Eurasian would never permit them to go free now that they were in his power, and he had—as the American believed—the key to the hidden treasure. Still, as long as one lives there is hope, and he did not mention his thoughts to Ruth. All at once something else occurred to him.

"Where's Rajah?" he asked.

"I don't know," Ruth answered, "but I'm afraid he is dead. Moreau tried to shoot him and wounded him, I think, some time ago before they brought you here to me. Rajah escaped into the caves somewhere and I haven't seen him since."

"Humph!" he muttered. "Another hope gone. Well, we musn't get discouraged, whatever happens. Maybe things are not so bad, after all. Moreau doesn't know that I overheard his talk, and if he finds the treasure he may be good natured. Let us hope so. I wish I had a weapon of some sort, however. I can't do much bare-handed." He got up and stretched himself, pleased to find that he was feeling fairly fit.

Ruth looked at him with shining eyes. "You're positively wonderful, Hugh," she said. "Never discouraged, always making the best of things, no matter how desperate they seem, and trying to keep me cheered up. You make me think of the knights and heroes of olden days. When I read about them in schools years ago I thought they were fairy tales, mostly, but I've changed my mind. Such men do exist, occasionally!"

Varden blushed to the roots of his hair. "Nonsense," he said, trying to laugh easily at her words of praise. "I've done nothing but make a mess of things so far. I've lost the packet that means more than any treasure to us, and I've——"

He was interrupted by sounds in the passageway outside and the appearance of two men, who entered the cave and halted a few steps away. One was the stocky chieftain of the ape-men, whom Varden had seen early that morning; the other was Victor Moreau. Both were heavily armed and behind them the prisoners could see the shadowy figures of half a dozen Dyaks.

For some reason the Eurasian was in a terrible rage. His lean figure fairly shook with passion, and his yellow eyes blazed as he turned them on Varden.

"So you've come to life again, have you?" he snarled. "Well, it won't be for long, I promise you that. Even admitting that you seem to have as many lives in your carcass as a cat, we'll take 'em all before we're done with you. First, tho, you'll come thru with the truth if we have to roast you over a slow fire to make you squeal. The truth! D'you hear? Once and once only, I'll ask you, what have you done with it? What have you done with it? D'you hear me? What have you done with it?"

"Done with what?" Varden retorted, as calmly as he could under the circumstances, for at that moment Moreau looked and acted like a maniac. He was so angry that he fairly slobbered at the lips as he talked and his body shook as tho it required all his strength to keep him from hurling himself upon his prisoners. Never in his life had the American seen a man so absolutely insane with rage.

"THE map! The secret of the treasure, you fool! Moreau flashed back. "Don't try to mock me. It's not safe, I tell you! Come, out with it, before I let Zabu and his hyenas have their way with you. You've hidden it somewhere. Tell me where it is?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, man," Varden returned in the same steady tone he had already used. "I had no map. I know nothing about your treasure. There was a paper in my belt, but I don't know what it contained any more than you do, or, rather, than you did. For I suppose you must know now, since you took it from me."

"The paper in your belt. To h—l with the paper in your belt!" The Eurasian stormed, ripping something out of his pocket and throwing it at Varden's feet. "There it is—look at it for yourself. It's blank, I tell you! Blank, do you hear me? But you can't bluff me, Varden. You've got the original, or you know where it is, and I'm going to have it."

Varden staggered as tho he had been struck and his face blanched. Blank! The packet he had been warned to guard so carefully contained nothing but blank paper? Impossible! Totally oblivious to his surroundings for an instant, he stooped and picked up the crumpled wad of leaves and paper which the Eurasian had thrown down. He recognized it instantly as the packet Maka had given him, and the same glance told him that Moreau spoke the truth. The folded paper which had been wrapped within the leaves was perfectly blank!

For several seconds nobody said anything. In spite of the blindness occasioned by his unreasoning rage, it was plain to Moreau that Varden's surprise was genuine, and the knowledge appeared to sober him somewhat. His voice was calmer when he finally broke the silence.

"Surprises you, does it?" he sneered. "Well, it's mighty lucky for you that it does, and that I can see that it does. It leaves you a few more hours of life, Varden. If I'd had reason to believe that you were playing some more of your hocus-pocus stunts on me I'd have dragged the truth out of you here and now. As it is, I'll let things take their

(Continued on Page 21.)

A Convention Of The Lions

By Homer Croy

MISS BONNIE BLODGETT had $4.21 and a heavy heart. There were two things she could do; she could pay $4 more on her furniture and drag thru another summer, or put $4.21 into a spread and lure the lions.

As she clung to her window looking out over the city, she put the equations into the scales of consideration. Over the roofs of the houses Spring rolled in like a gladsome tide. Bock goats on beer barrels were beginning to browse in saloon windows; the electric real estate signs were burning an hour later on the Jersey coast, and an audacious robin, perched on a tree in Sixth avenue, had blocked traffic for three squares.

She sniffed the Spring eagerly. Her window was an aircell in a metropolitan lung. Her eyes were lost on the mirage of roofs and chimneys and clotheslines when a heavy van came clucking down the street and backed up before her number.

Miss Bonnie knew what it meant. She flew to the door and locked it and sank down on her little apologetic bed. The vanman played a fistic sonata on the door, then stumbled his way back down the stairs, volubly cursing. Not until the wagon had complained its way out of hearing did she dare go back to her breathing-hole.

Miss Bonnie, of course, was a hero-worshiper. She had a note that Bernhardt had written in the third act, and one of the lugs off the boots Grant had worn when he was building his St. Louis cabin. The walls of her room were a picture gallery. Poets mounted one another in amazing stairsteps to the picture border, cut from magazines and Sunday supplements. Pictures of celebrities everywhere—the inventor of a noiseless gun bent his wrapt gaze on George Washington in his perilous feat of crossing the Delaware, and a musical comedy star kicked into the face of John Muir, while Lew Dockstader nestled on Luther Burbank's lapel, as Geronimo gazed with awed understanding into the eyes of John L. Sullivan. But above all, over all—poets.

From her strong-box, among a tangle of sonnets, rondeaus, lyrics, panegyrics and chants-pantoufles, she took out a curl of wrinkled paper and smoothed it tenderly. "It's his own hand," said she, softly. "I believe I will invite him in—him and the others. I guess it's the Spring."

Going to the bureau she took out her box of stationery, polished her pen on the corner of an easy-payment rung, and painstakingly compounded the invitations on her knees and the window-sill.

Characteristically, in their own wriggling, backhand way, and in reply, the lions said they would be only too glad to come Thursday evening and enjoy the repast. Repast was their favorite word—it seemed to suggest many courses. Their letters were carefully packed away in the strong-box, even tho one of them, shorter of memory than the others, did call her "Dear Madam," and another spell Blodgett with one "t."

From a household-service bureau she got a servant for a day. All Thursday the two worked until, by late afternoon, everything was spick and span. Then Miss Blodgett went out to a masseuse, and came back five years younger than she needed to look.

Into her faded dress that best took the lamplight Miss Bonnie put herself after many a flirt and flutter, sat down to await the coming of the lions, her nerves a-tingle.

As they came, Miss Bonnie greeted them with carefully rehearsed phrases. The writer of sea stories and the popular poet popped palms while Mit, the newspaper humorist, met her with a fragile handshake and a compliment, then drew up under the shaded lamp, pulled an evening paper from his pocket, and turned to the baseball news.

"Say, aren't the Giants galoshing along!" exclaimed the humorist.

"I tell you Ford is a winner," returned the popular poet. "Did you ever notice his fingers? Anybody with fingers like his is bound to be a great pitcher. It's all in the fingers—that's my theory."

"What about Mordecai Brown?" asked the writer of sea tales. "You know he's got only——"

"But they're the same fingers," defended the popular poet, "as far as they go—long, big knuckled and hard as a piano wire. As almost anybody could say pitchers are born, not made."

"Has any of you gentlemen read Plumpice Pleeter's latest book?" asked Miss Bonnie.

"I haven't," Mit admitted, while the others shook their heads.

"You can't always tell by a man's fingers. Now, there's Christie's—the fingers of an artist—long and slender, and vibrating," said the writer of sea stories, swinging the subject back.

"Do you think the novelized version of a play is ever successful?"

The men halted politely for a moment and shook their heads.

"The reason we haven't been picking up the pennant right along," continued the writer of sea stories, "is because we've been cold on inside work. It makes no difference how high priced a team you have, if you haven't got inside work, your team's bound to go rotten."

Vainly Miss Bonnie tried to turn the tide of conversation to the realm of books and poetry, but only a word now and then could she get in. It was a free evening with the men, and they were going to talk about what interested them.

At last, thinking to pry in a conversational wedge, Miss Bonnie had dinner. Katie came and stood sedately at the door while Miss Bonnie parceled out the seats. The three celebrities beamed at each other across the scanty silverware, and fumbled anxiously with their forks. They were at home. In the chicken en casserole they promptly forgot their troubles, and laughed and gossiped among themselves, their brains leaping to the working of their elbows, but always of subjects that they themselves were interested in—tropics outside and beyond Miss Bonnie. Miss Bonnie sat with a service smile on her lips and kept the machinery of the table moving.

Mrs. McGinnis on the floor below asked of Katie: "An' how is Miss Bonnie getting along with her writing, gentlemen? What do they say to her?"

Katie mortised her hands in her lips:

"One of them—the one with the specs—said to her just before I come down, 'Will you pass me another piece of bread?'"

Finally the men leaned back in contentment, each hitching an arm over the back of his chair. Miss Bonnie arose and from the mantel-piece brought forth cigarettes. "You may," she smiled.

The men lit dreamily.

Suddenly Mit came out of himself and turned to Miss Bonnie. "May I use the telephone a minute? I clear forgot it until just now."

Miss Bonnie colored. "I haven't a telephone—now. They're lots of trouble to a person living alone. The nearest one is on the corner, half a block away."

Mit arose and turned toward the door, while the other two began on pitching-fingers and piano-wires. Suddenly sounds of commotion lifted to the little room.

"Run down and see what the matter is, Katie," said Miss Bonnie.

Katie was back in half a minute. "I didn't see anything."

Under the cloud of smoke Miss Bonnie peered at her two celebrities and hung on their lips for clever phrases to be treasured and repeated at all gatherings with studied unconcern. When Mit returned she drew his chair that she might catch the light on his face. She sank into blissful silence while the three men enjoyed one another's company. Old times they recalled and old jokes they retold. When silence held for a moment, Miss Bonnie patted her foot nervously and said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but would you mind signing these napkins?"

A rapid, hard-fisted knock sounded on the door before they could reply. Miss Bonnie sat up startled.

Katie opened the door, then slammed it shut and turned around, her eyes distended.

"It's a—a cop," she gasped.

Miss Bonnie flushed and rose tremblingly. She knew why the officer was coming. "I—I sincerely beg your pardon for this unpleasant——"

Mit rose quickly and laid a detaining hand on her shoulder. "Sit down, Miss Blodgett," he said firmly. "He doesn't want—he's waiting for me."

The other two men sprang to their feet.

"Will you step into the hall a moment with me?" asked Mit, turning to the writer of sea tales, while the latter arose and followed.

On the lower floor Mit waved the officer outside for a moment. "It's this way," began Mit briefly. "This thing was after her furniture. Stopped me in the hall and said he was going to get it yes or no. Think

Katie Opened the Door, Then Slammed It Shut, and Turned Around, Her Eyes Distended. "It's a—a Cop," She Gasped.

of taking that poor girl's furniture! Well, after he'd got up I kicked him for good luck, and now they're after me. It's a shame to break up such a beautiful spring evening. Here, you take this twenty, and you two fellows fix it up about that furniture. Well, Mr. Officer, are you ready to go over to the station with me? I know the desk sergeant pretty well."

Upstairs the writer of sea stories lied as delicately as he could, that Mit had been summoned to testify at night court in the case of a little girl who had fallen off a street car and severely wrenched her back. He touched the popular poet's foot and the lie carried until Miss Bonnie left the room for a mo-

(Concluded on Page 9.)

The Dice of the Gods

By Frank Vincent Waddy

Told in First Installment

STAMFORD LEIGH, when the police raided his notorious gambling-house in New York, seized what cash was available and, accompanied by his wife, took flight from the city, leaving many creditors and other victims of his crooked deals to mourn his sudden departure.

ROBERT BRAY, chauffeur and taxi driver, bribed by a generous payment of money, assisted in the flight of the gaming king and his wife by taking them across New Jersey and into Pennsylvania. During a heavy thunderstorm Leigh entered a house by the roadside to ask for shelter. Once inside two rough-looking men placed a beautiful girl in his charge and commanded him to take her away. He was warned to obey their command and to not return to the house, on penalty of death.

MURIEL SANDERSON, the "mystery girl," joined the taxi party and the quartet continued their flight. They arrived at a lonely colonial mansion in the woods, and finding it unoccupied, took possession of the place.

COLONEL MORGAN RIVERDALE, wealthy owner of the vacant mansion, appeared with a party of pleasure riders, consisting of several men. Riverdale demanded an explanation from the intruders, and after studying the beautiful girl, finally permitted the fugitives to remain in the vacant house until ready to depart.

CAPTAIN DARLINGTON, one of Riverdale's party, pleased Muriel, but Riverdale's bold glances and actions filled her with fear. The girl was introduced to the riders as "Miss Lowther, Mrs. Leigh's niece," to avoid unnecessary questions. So far, however, the girl had withheld all information concerning herself, further than telling the Leighs her name. Mrs. Leigh became suspicious that her husband, besides being a fugitive from the New York police and his creditors, was in the clutches of Riverdale.

This story began in No. 45, the Ledger for Nov. 13. Back numbers may be obtained form our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER III.

A FURTHER complication was now introduced by the inopportune call of Riverdale and his friends, one of whom had fallen in love with her, while Riverdale himself felt far more than transient interest. Know the futility of pressing her husband for an explanation of Riverdale's peculiar demeanor, Mrs. Leigh refrained from questioning him further on the point, tho she was fully convinced that the two men had met previously, under circumstances reflecting discredit upon either or both of them. She also felt grave doubt as to Riverdale's belief of the falsehood concerning Miss Sanderson, which she had been compelled to support, and feared that the man would be certain to return, and apply the leverage of his hold over Leigh, in order to force confession of the truth regarding the girl in whom he had displayed such marked interest.

This fear proved to be only too well-founded, for on the following day Riverdale reappeared, this time accompanied by the three other men, but without Maurice Darlington, to the keen but well-concealed disappointment of Muriel. At the moment of Riverdale's arrival, the two women were strolling in the woods a short distance from the house, and at the urgent entreaty of Muriel Mrs. Leigh agreed to remain out of doors with her for a while, in the hope that Riverdale's visit would be brief.

He strode into the house and confronted Leigh, whose attitude was as abject and cringing as before. Noticing the absence of Mrs. Leigh and the girl, Riverdale at once inquired:

"Well, what have you done with the ladies?"

"They were here a minute ago," he answered; "I think they're with Bray, watching him tinker the car."

Riverdale grunted, and reflected for a moment.

"We had better take a little walk—you and I. I have something to say, and don't want any eavesdroppers around."

Together the two men emerged from the old building and strolled away amongst the trees. At the precise moment of their appearance Laura Leigh and Muriel chanced to be looking towards the house, but they were not observed by the men, who supposed them to have gone in a different direction. Muriel had just been remarking on the size and peculiar gauntness of a hollow tree, evidently riven and blasted by lightning long years ago, when she noticed the men approaching.

"Quick!" whispered Laura, "step in here—don't let them see us."

No sooner had they ensconced themselves than the voices became audible. Riverdale was speaking:

". . . so I knew you were lying. But listen, I'll make you a proposition, Leigh. You're in bad, d—d bad, but I'm willing to give you a chance, on one condition. This girl, who is she? Tell me the truth."

LEIGH whined something to the effect that to tell the truth, or what little he knew of it, regarding her, would sound far more like lies than what he had said already, so what was the use?

"Well, anyway," resumed Riverdale, "she's nothing to you, or your wife, and I've decided that she's coming to my house, so you may as well make up your mind to tell her that it will be all right, and so forth. Thus you will rid yourself of a burden, fix things the way I want them, and at the same time get yourself out of a bad scrape. Do you get my meaning?"

Tho Stamford Leigh had sunk pretty low, he still retained a sense of gallantry and rectitude in regard to women, and when this bargain was proposed to him, he was frankly shocked by the villainy of it. For a moment he made no answer. During that same tense moment, Muriel, listening intently from within the trees, felt her pulse leap with mingled horror and indignation, and her hand sought that of Laura Leigh, who, equally shocked at Riverdale's scurrilous suggestion, supported the girl tenderly in her arms while they waited for further revelations.

"I Knew You Were Both Lying."

The two men were out of earshot for a time, but the voice of Riverdale soon again became audible, and his remarks left no doubt that he had promised not to expose or punish Leigh for some mysterious wrong of very grave nature, on condition that he would deliver Muriel into his hands, or assist him in gainng access to her unimpeded. Leigh entreated him not to exact this abominable course of action, as the price of immunity from vengeance, the innocent girl being helpless in his hands, and looking to him as a friend and protector. Riverdale then at once resumed a threatening attitude, and reminded Leigh that refusal to accede to his wishes would mean ruin, utter and absolute—perhaps even death, whereupon Leigh murmured a reluctant acquiescence.

After a safe interval Laura and Muriel emerged from the hollow tree, and pursued their way by devious paths thru the woods. Muriel was dismayed at the peril of her situation, and Mrs. Leigh felt distracted at the thought of her own inability to offer any practical help. Filled with solicitude for the girl, she determined to contrive some method of getting her to a place of safety.

The two women returned cautiously to the house after a prolonged absence, and discovered to their intense relief that Riverdale and his friends were not on the premises, having resumed their ride, but that Riverdale himself intended to return later. It also developed that Captain Darlington had been recalled to his regiment, a circumstance of suspicious import in view of the rivalry known to exist between him and the older man. This latter piece of news was communicated by Leigh, with a view to disguising the emotional ferment within him. Muriel received the intelligence with a sinking of the heart, and was entirely at a loss to know what to do. Mrs. Leigh meanwhile had resolved to enlist the services of Bray, who must still have money in hand, explain the girl's unenviable situation to him, and persuade him to take her to some convent or other place of refuge, pending discovery of her identity and the location of her relatives.

When approached by Mrs. Leigh with this suggestion, the driver seemed amenable enough, tho he at once inquired:

"What about the boss? Is he in on this, or will he be sore? I'm in his pay, you know."

"Well," she answered, "it will relieve him of the expense of her support. He should be only too grateful. It is best for all concerned. Here is the address I mentioned, 460 Adams street, Lancaster. The Gallimores are old friends of mine. I will give you a note to them, explaining the peculiar circumstances and asking them to take care of Miss Sanderson for the present."

BRAY was not averse to carrying out the scheme. His curiosity being aroused by the events of the past two weeks, he felt inclined to miss no chance of further adventure, tho why Mrs. Leigh should desire to spirit the girl away without the knowledge of her husband, he failed to understand. He also wondered why Mrs. Leigh did not offer to accompany the girl to safety. In this he miscalculated her loyalty to a worthless and troublesome husband—a phenomenon understood perhaps only by women. It appeared that she was "putting one over" on him regarding the girl, but seemingly for his own good, and that of all concerned. Bray therefore promised to say nothing to Leigh, and furthermore agreed to effect an exit from the woods after dark that evening, carry the girl to Lancaster, and return as soon as possible.

The only misgiving in the mind of Laura Leigh concerned the wisdom of entrusting Bray himself with the girl, but ,she argued, inasmuch as he had refrained from molesting her in any way thus far, he might reasonably be relied upon not to take advantage of her friendless situation in the present case.

Late in the afternoon, Morgan Riverdale returned to the old mansion, and spent an hour or more closeted with Leigh, who after the interview seemed more miserable and dejected than ever. Riverdale made repeated attempts to ingratiate himself with Muriel, but she continued to treat him with coldness and resrve, tho without showing open antagonism such as might arouse his suspicion of her intended flight. She perceived clearly enough that his ardor was tinctured with jealousy of Maurice Darlington, whose advances she had not in any way repulsed, and she also suspected that Riverdale had been in some way instrumental in the sudden removal of his inconvenient competitor. Fully aware that any signs of restlessness on her part might betray her intention to escape, Muriel did her best to appear unconcerned, and diligently applied herself to a piece of needlework which she had already completed and unraveled four times during the preceding week.

At dusk Bray strolled in and announced that he was going to run over to Burneville for the evening, and shoot a game of pool. Leigh murmured something about keeping his mouth shut to people in the village, and took no further notice. A moment later the car was heard to leave.

Bray started off in the direction of the town, switched around when at a safe distance, and returned to the prearranged rendezvous—the hollow tree.

Shortly afterward Muriel pleaded fatigue and withdrew to the adjoining room, containing the ruin of a four-poster bed on which she had theretofore contrived to sleep. Her heart thumped violently as the crucial moment approached. Moving about the room she intentionally made sufficient noise to indicate her presence for a time, and then cautiously approached the window.

At the same moment, Morgan Riverdale left by the front door of the house, to smoke a cigar while taking a stroll in the woods.

"I thought so!" he said savagely to himself. "Clever, but a little too obvious."

A FEW minutes later he loomed up thru the shade of the trees and confronted Bray, who was calmly waiting with his car beside the hollow tree.

"Well, how's the pool game?" he inquired blandly.

"Go away, I'm studying botany instead!" replied Bray.

"Indeed? Well, in about two seconds," resumed Riverdale, "I'm going to study marksmanship—or finance. The materials are in opposite pockets. You can choose which you like."

Bray observed the sinister protrusion within the right coat pocket. His capitulation was prompt.

"I think I prefer finance," he concluded.

"You had better. This young lady is my guest. To avoid hysterics, we will let her assume that I am you. Kindly lend me that coat and hat. I will return them tomorrow, along with the machine—no argument now! I seldom forgive attempted abduction of my lady friends under my very nose. Here's your money—now vanish—and no funny business, or I'll try target practice after all."

Bray had scarcely time to fall back into the shadows before returning to the house, when Muriel, like a little white ghost, came stealing towards the hollow tree. Quite unsuspecting, she approached the machine. At the wheel sat Riverdale. With a last fearful look towards the house, she stepped into the car, whose engine started at the same moment, and within a few seconds they were speeding away to the villa.

After traveling a short distance Muriel asked whether, in the event of discovery of her flight, there would be risk of pursuit. For answer she received a murmured caution not to talk, and instantly a strange misgiving overcame her, as she leaned a little closer to Riverdale and asked a further question. Suddenly the truth smote her; the man was not Bray, but the one from whom

she was supposedly fleeing! Sick with fear and disappointment, she recoiled in disgust, uttered an incoherent entreaty to be taken back to the care of Mrs. Leigh, and then collapsed in a dead faint.

MURIEL was carried for some distance in an unconscious condition, and upon awaking from her stupor became aware of a voice telling her that she need not be alarmed, and had better calm herself. Completely overcome by realization of her plight and by the seeming perfidy of Bray, she resumed her appeal to Riverdale's gallantry, but without effect.

Upon arrival at the villa Muriel was handed over to the care of a housekeeper, who ministered to her needs with every care and solicitude, while childing her for being so foolishly afraid, and even congratulating her upon being so fortunate as to have won the favor of this rich and powerful gentleman. She was, indeed, treated with every possible consideration by Riverdale and his servants, with the one exception of being prevented from making any attempt to escape.

She was gently coerced to join her host at a sumptuous dinner, served privately, with every appointment of luxury and elegance, during which he paid his amorous addresses with extreme ardor, and assured her of absolute safety with him if only she would respond to his advances. Owing, however, to some strange instinctive aversion, she felt so completely nauseated with abhorrence of this man, that, in spite of his ingratiating manner and exterior polish, she was unable to force herself into conversation with him or to swallow any of his food, and could only reiterate her entreaty to be released form enforced detention in his house.

Riverdale drank copiously of champagne, which he also tried to press upon Muriel. She refrained, however, and to her great relief, steadily increasing intoxication caused his overtures to grow less urgent, instead of producing the reverse effect, as she had feared. Feeling sure of ample opportunities for renewing his attentions later, he finally refrained entirely from pressing them further at the moment, and allowing the lethargy of toxic sleep to overcome him.

Muriel retired to a handsomely furnished chamber, replete with every provision for comfort, and as soon as the housekeeper who conducted her thither had withdrawn, gave way to tears of relief at the temporary respite, and of grief and misery at her helpless situation. Attempted exit by way of the house being out of the question, she tried the window fastenings, and discovered that altho high above the ground the casements were not barred, and that escape might be effected thru one of them.

After a long period of silence in the house, in which every light appeared to be extinguished, she cautiously opened a window overlooking a flower garden, climbed out upon the ledge, hung for a moment by the hands from the edge of the sill, and then let go, dropping to the soft earth many feet below, and making deep indentations in the flower bed with her heels. Completely at a loss to know which way to go—the inky darkness making it impossible to determine directions—she followed a series of gravel paths thru the garden and finally reached the main drive leading to the entrance of the grounds, and thus escaped into the highway.

With trembling limbs she ran until fatigue compelled a slower pace, when, turning to look back, she discovered that she was already being pursued, the lights of a machine suddenly blazing into view around a bend in the road. She staggered weakly to the shelter of a large tree, dimly discernible by the roadside, thinking to hide behind its trunk and let the car go by. Her strength, however, gave out completely, and she stumbled before reaching it.

"DON'T distress yourself. There is no need for alarm. This is not Riverdale. Don't be so frightened. You are perfectly safe, but we must hurry."

These words, repeated in a quiet and gentle voice, seemed to blend weirdly with the beginnings of returning consciousness as Muriel awoke to find herself held in the arms of Maurice Darlington. Her emotion upon realizing the truth, was equally compounded of pleasure and surprise. As soon as the latter feeling had found some slight expression, she inquired in utter bewilderment as to how he had effected the rescue. Placing her quickly in the machine, he explained as they drove away that, impelled by misgivings as to her safety after he had left the old mansion, he had resolved upon interference with Riverdale's schemes at all hazards, had subsequently absented himself from his regiment, returned to the woods and lain in wait near the villa—to which he was certain Riverdale would have conveyed her, as he had previously done with others.

From his hiding-place he had seen her arrival with Riverdale, and had then watched vigilantly for signs of her attempted escape. While waiting in the dark, with the machine in readiness, he had perceived signs of alarm at the villa, where lights began to appear in several of the rooms, one of which showed a window conspicuously open, and the housekeeper and others moving about excitedly within. Assuming that her flight had been discovered, he had at once started the car and taken the only road leading from the villa, where soon he had found her unconscious form.

Early on the morning following this episode, Maurcie and Muriel reached a small town many miles from the Riverdale estate, and the girl was placed in the care of the hotel-keeper's wife, who comforted her with refreshment, while Maurice busied himself with arrangements for continuing the journey to his own home, where he intended leaving Muriel under the protection of his mother, pending investigations into the mystery surrounding her identity. With all delicacy he had refrained from questioning her regarding the past, concerning which she earnestly wished to remain silent, and he also forebore to take any advantage of her misfortune, for the purpose of declaring his love. For this gentle consideration she was deeply grateful, tho her fondness for the young officer was in no way less than his feeling toward her.

In the afternoon of the same day, while Muriel rested in an upper room, and Maurice was wrestling with some adjustment on the car, there was a sudden commotion in the street outside the frame hotel. Looking from the window, Muriel perceived to her consternation that Morgan Riverdale was angrily demanding instant search of the inn. Tracking the car by the tire-pattern in the dust, and making numerous inquiries on the way, he had followed its route with little difficulty. The inevitable meeting between the two men at once took place. Maurice, exasperated by failure of his plan, denounced his former host as a cad and a common kidnaper, drew a revolver and recommended that Riverdale immediately withdraw his obnoxious presence. The latter, unarmed, replied with similar insult, and then flew at the neck of Maurice with bare fists. Without really intending to shoot, Maurice tightened his grip on the gun. Riverdale's grasp relaxed and his body slid to the ground in a heap. The young officer stood petrified, and for several seconds remained staring aghast, holding the still smoking weapon in his hand.

The hotel-keeper rushed to support Riverdale, while the police and a surgeon were instantly summoned. As a crowd gathered round, Maurice half-dazed at what he had done, waited passively, and a few moments later allowed himself to be disarmed and arrested without a word. In the meantime, Muriel, who had witnessed the scene from her window, sank with a moan to the floor. Riverdale was carried in and put to bed, while Maurice was marched off to the police station, to be detained pending instructions from his regimental headquarters.

Several days elapsed before certainty of Riverdale's recovery was established, and the time was marked by such acute suffering on the part of Muriel that she also seemed likely to succumb to serious illness. Distracted with grief and anxiety for Maurice, she remained closeted in her chamber, a prey to the most poignant regret that he should have rashly risked so much for her sake, and the gravity of his situation made her forget for the moment the embarrassment of her own. In the meantime Riverdale's irascible nature was undergoing the intolerable irritation of enforced restraint, his own physician absolutely forbidding removal or excitement until the condition of the wound should permit it. The result of this trying detention was an increase

His Body Slid to the Ground.

of jealous hatred toward Maurice, and a morbid stimulation of the desire for revenge.

As for the young officer himself, incarcerated in the local jail on a charge of felonious assault, the hours crawled by with interminable weariness. On account of some official delay at headquarters, due to dispute between the military authorities and the local police, no immediate decision was made in regard to Maurice, and he was compelled to wait patiently for news of his probable fate. He fully realized the desperate nature of his case, which had now developed a complication not previously considered. It appeared that in recognition of former military services Morgan Riverdale still retained an honorary colonelcy in the United States Army, in virtue of which he planned to have Maurice arraigned upon the double charge of desertion and of assault upon a superior officer. While the older man was not in uniform at the time, the opinion was held by many that his influence would nevertheless contrive that the technical charge be preferred against Maurice, in addition to that of desertion, which would now appear to have been deliberate. In any case the penalty for desertion during war time is death, and the accidental wounding of Riverdale—which was of course reported as an attack—would destroy what little chance the accused might have otherwise of mitigation of the sentence. His intended plea of unexpected detention from duty, while on leave, was now rendered useless by the fact that, owing to the disastrous occurrence related, several days had elapsed since he had absented himself, originally with the intention of being missing for only a single day and night. He had done this for the sake of rescuing an entirely unknown girl from the designs of an unscrupulous libertine, whose hatred he had now incurred, and at whose mercy he now found himself in consequence.

MURIEL'S request for a few minutes' talk with Maurice being denied, she wrote him a piteous note, expressing her utter misery on his behalf, and imploring his forgiveness for involving him in such a calamity. After sealing the letter with a small locket seal, which she always carried on a chain encircling her neck, she handed it in at the police station, where an officer promised to deliver it to Maurice. As soon as she had gone, however, he took the note to Riverdale, by whom he had been bribed previously to intercept any communication between the lovers. When Riverdale received the missive into his hand his eye caught the seal with which it was fastened, and he suddenly stopped short in the operation of opening the envelope, stared long and intently at the design of the seal, which seemed to possess some strange interest, and then let his hands sink slowly to the bedclothes, still holding the unopened letter, while his gaze remained fixed on vacancy for several minutes. Finally he read and destroyed the note, but the wax impression of the seal he preserved for further reference.

Maurice was shortly afterwards dis-

patched to his regimental headquarters under guard, while Muriel, at Riverdale's instructions, was taken in a closed machine back to the old mansion, where—to their great astonishment—she was handed over to the care of Stamford Leigh and his wife. Having now no relish for further attempts at escape from the web of circumstances in which she had become entangled, she again entered the dismal old building resolved on patiently awaiting the outcome, tho suffering intolerable distress at the thought of her prolonged obligation to the Leighs, and thru them to the detestable Morgan Riverdale. Again and again she analyzed her strange antipathy to this man, the nature and intensity of the feeling being quite unaccountable, and seeming to require some explanation independent of normal dislike, such as a woman feels for a man whose persistent amorous advances are abhorrent, tho the latter sentiment was indeed strong enough.

Stamford Leigh received a note from Riverdale's messenger to the effect that he must personally prevent any attempt on the girl's part to leave the mansion, and that he knew what the consequences would be if he failed. Muriel resumed possession of the dusty old room with the dilapidated four-poster bed, but was later transferred—at the urgent request of Leigh—to a more remote quarter of the building, from which escape was quite impossible. She was consoled in some degree by Mrs. Leigh, who confessed herself still ignorant of the nature of Riverdale's hold upon her husband, but stated also her certainty that any attempt to withstand or defy Riverdale's orders would be instantly fatal to them all.

BY WAY of occupation, Muriel explored the recesses of her gloomy apartment. While thus engaged, she came upon large quantities of miscellaneous rubbish—books, papers, broken furniture, discarded clothing, an old rusty dagger, and other things, all buried under a thick layer of dust. Chancing to dislodge some ancient paper rolls from a table on which they had been stacked many years before, she noticed one of them particularly, which appeared to be covered with very fine and faded handwriting. This she took to the light, allowed the dust to fall from it, and examined it closely. It was largely undecipherable, but by means of minute study and comparison of letter formation, she finally discovered it to be a sad revelation written by some unfortunate prisoner immured in the very same room for several days some years before, who had later presumably been secretly assassinated there, since the doomed man alluded frequently in the manuscript to his impending death, which had been resolved upon by some enemy, tho he himself was entirely innocent of any wrong, and knew not the reason for his detention in the old building.

Murfel secreted the document in a safe place for further perusal. Long hours she spent in silent rumination. The return of Riverdale was expected at any moment, he having recovered sufficiently to travel, and Muriel, with sickening apprehension, foresaw a renewal of his advances to her. Moreover, she felt sure that he would now add an offer of intercession for Maurice, provided that she would accede to his (Riverdale's) demands for marriage, and she began to entertain the idea that self-destruction would be preferable to further molestation by him. Furthermore, as the only man towards whom she had ever felt sentiments of affection appeared to be in danger of death by execution, she concluded that to follow him would be more desirable than enduring persistent persecution by a man who inspired nothing but abhorrence. Impelled by this fantastic notion, she concealed the dagger that she had found and resolved to use it upon herself if need be.

Upon arrival at the old mansion a few days afterwards, Riverdale took Stamford Leigh aside, and, with peculiar solemnity, reminded him of his promise of assistance. Leigh was puzzled at his strange manner, and made haste to express willingness to help in any way that might further his schemes. Muriel was at his disposal, and since she was powerless to resist him, he could procure from her any promise that he wished to demand. Riverdale, however, again reminded Leigh of the latter's equivocal situation, and then, to his unspeakable amazement, demanded assistance in an undertaking so frightful that Leigh—staggered by the proposal—concluded that Riverdale must surely have gone insane, as a result of his injury at the hands of Maurice Darlington. The proposal was nothing more nor less than the death of Muriel Sanderson, "Miss Lowther," or whatever she pleased to call herself!

With Captain Darlington held under military guard and Stamford Leigh still in the clutches of Riverdale, Muriel's troubles, bad as they were before, have suddenly become positively startling. Perhaps the next installment of the story will make it clear just why the villainous Colonel should so suddenly desire to put her out of the way.

What's Sauce for the Gosling—

By Thomas Shepherd

"AND I am sure"—her father had written—"that your mother would not put any permanent obstacle in the way of your happiness. If, as you say, there is no chance of your doing the big things she hopes for and expects, she will see it soon, I guess. It will be hard enough that way, without our plotting together to upset her plans. We've been letting her find out things for herself for nearly twenty years, and we mustn't try to change all at once. You are so young that your marriage to Bob can wait for a while without spoiling. Don't you think so? Anyway, I know that my little girl will not do anything so important while she is so far from her Dad, without having mother's consent."

It was entirely the fault of that horrid job into which an ironic Fate had led her, all unwitting. Here was she, bowed under her Atlas burden, yet having to know (and hear her mother repeatedly declare!) that eight out of ten girls, taking them by and large, would joyfully have shifted the job from her slim shoulders to their own. Far from finding it a weight, most of them would have looked upon it as a gay-colored balloon which was to bear them on journeys of high adventure among the stars. For Maryan was a member in good standing of "Braisted's Bevy of Bathing Beauties," with little to do but wear a minimal bathing-suit and be her alluring self before the all-recording camera.

Being the uncommonly well-balanced girl that she was, Maryan had not contemplated an assault on the "movies" When she, with her mother, came from the East to Los Angeles for a season with her father's sister. But an acquaintance, seeing her swim at the beach, had suggested a "tryout" at the Lightning Studio, and Maryan had complied, just to have something to tell when she and Bob made their visit back home. (It should be noted that Bob, at that time, had not proposed, but Maryan did not let his slight omission prevent her from accepting him). At the end

"You'd Ought to See the Niftick Little Suit That McConnell Is Fixing Up for You."

of her first day's work in the tank, she had been offered and, in the surprise of the moment, had accepted work by the week. It seemed like being paid for playing, and the money would come in handily for her wedding outfit.

Which brings us to the bathing-suit, frowned upon by Bob and now hated by Maryan as the garb and token of her servitude. She had thought little of it, that first day, because they had kept her in the water, and the suit was, admittedly, the proper thing for swimming. It was with her later realization that the little knit garment was her working uniform, to be worn indiscriminately on land, sea, and in the air, that her distaste was born.

Not that the suit, in its snuggest model, disclosed anything of which Maryan needed to be ashamed. Far from that. On the press agent's "tickler" pad at intervals of exactly six months was scribbled, "Comp. girl with Venus de Mi." On the last occasion, Maryan had been the subject of this comparison. Without consulting her, the hard-working young man had brought about the publication of her measurements—and pictures—as representing a norm of qualities most necessary for Lightning Comedies; namely, beauty and symmetry. She had, it is true, been only mildly shocked at seeing herself on the front page, city section, of the Evening Dispatch, but she had waited apprehensively for Bob.

Her newfound woman-sense did not err; Bob had been angry. (He had, by this time, gone thru what he did not know was the purely formal rite of proposal.) It had availed her nothing to point out that the comparison had been made decidedly unfavorable to Venus; even this did not appease her betrothed. Maryan had felt obliged to defend herself and to protest, half-heartedly, the innocence of the whole affair. They had parted, for the night, on somewhat "official" terms.

After he had gone, Maryan thought it all over, shuffling thru some pictures of herself in "costume." Suddenly, and by processes which, being intuitive rather than logical, cannot be detailed, she received a new light. It showed her herself—in the bathing-suit—as seen thru Bob's eyes, and the garment, thenceforth, could be viewed only in that unlovely aspect. She resolved to discard it at once, and made Bob happy by calling him up at the store to tell him so.

Her statement of this intention was the signal for her mother to declare herself. Maryan's long-standing suspicion had been confirmed; her mother was "movie-struck;" none the less badly because vicariously. Maryan's little success at the comedy studio had transported Mrs. Helfer to the high places of her imagination. She saw her daughter a petted favorite of the screen, and herself gaining, by a short cut, the atmosphere of luxury—the jewels, gowns, servants that she had always hopelessly craved. Dazzled by the fierce light which beats upon the thrones of a half dozen lucky young women, Mrs. Helfer could not see the thousand in the murk around the bases, nor hear their wails of disappointment and disillusion. She walked in a little heaven of her own creating, and bitterly resented any one's puncturing the pasteboard walls or scraping the gilt from the decorations.

It was impossible to reason with her. She made the keynote speech of her campaign when she wailed: "You want to throw away your wonderful chance and marry that hardware clerk—I know! After my giving the best years of my life to raising you, you won't even try to get ahead at the studio for my sake, if not for your own. Of c-course, they won't do anything for you when you never sh-show any interest. Oh-h-h!" From which point she dissolved in tears.

Maryan's aunt taking the side of her niece in the mooted question, Mrs. Helfer moved out of her house and took a tiny court-bungalow for herself and daughter. Maryan found out, too, when the cards were on the table, that her mother had "sapped" against her, by letter, back in the little Pennsylvania river town where Mr. Helfer, with customary patience, awaited their return. Mr. Helfer had long ago dedicated his life to his handsome, thoughtless mate. He was not a weak man; she could not have impelled him to an unprincipled act, but it was his settled policy to defer to her frivolous tastes—to give her everything, to do everything for her, that he could.

Mr. Helfer's sacrifice had meant happiness and a home for Maryan where any other course would have brought disaster. During the last four of her nineteen years, Maryan had come to realize this, and between her father and herself had grown a tacit recognition of the mother's shortcomings and of the necessity for giving her wishes the right of way. The letter, quoted above, was the nearest they had ever come to putting into words the tender bond between them.

Now a new tie had formed, and the girl was torn between her affection and loyalty to her adored father, and this strange, new feeling that stirred when Bob held her in his arms and plead with her to leave the uncongenial moil of the studio for the peace and quiet of their own little bungalow. It was hard to reason with Bob, too; there were pressing arguments on his lips which were none the less cogent because unspoken. He exacted no promises, but she made them—to herself. She would resign tomorrow. No, she wouldn't go to the studio at all! She would do some awful thing—spoil a big scene, and get "fired." But in the cool, unhappy hours of the night would come the thought of her father, of the depth of their implicit understanding. He expected her to stay "in pictures" till her mother was satisfied to have her quit and she could not break faith with him. She could only pray for the scales to fall from her mother's eyes.

It needed but some little thing, Maryan knew, to precipitate trouble. Between Bob's efforts to have her come to him, and her mother's intrigues to get her interested in some one of the studio men, she could not long hope to keep the peace. It would be the parting of the ways. On the one hand, to seem to flatly desert her mother far from home; tho alternative, to lose Bob—as it seemed to her eager youth—forever. She went to the studio each morning in smothered revolt; returned from it longing for Bob, but fearful of his proximity to Mrs. Helfer.

SPRING in California is no less potent than in climes where it is more spectacular by contrast with the season that precedes. Mrs. Helfer made it no secret that she had "fallen in love with the place," and on this May morning she felt keenly its expanding influence. She had the youthful heart, and, despite the dark picture which has been drawn, she could be very lovable—when not crossed. She always walked to the studio with Maryan, but as mothers were not there received with open arms, she stopped without the gate. This hurt her, but she complied, solacing herself with thoughts of the day, not far distant, when she should queen it in "Maryan's own studio." There was another reason why she preferred the "extra people's" bench to the bungalow; she had lately struck up an acquaintance with Mr. Fulton, the manager of one of the down-town theaters. When she was missing from the bench, she had "happened" to see Mr. Fulton and gone with him for a ride. It was fairly clear that she had a little "case" on the gentleman, but of this, when accused by Maryan, she vehemently pleaded not guilty.

Maryan sighed as she kissed her mother and passed thru the gate which was to Mrs. Helfer the portal of the artificial heaven above-mentioned. To the girl, it led to a sordid purgatory, a place of expiation for—what! She shrugged as she sat down, with a book, in front of the room where she dressed. She had not turned a page when Rena Baldwyn, a chubby blonde, lounged up and sat down on a chair near her. Rena was in her bathing togs, and trailed a robe Maryan closed her book.

"They haven't called, have they?" she asked.

"No, but you might as well get dressed. We're set for the tank." Rena negligently crossed one bare, columnar leg over the other.

"Taking on, aren't you, Rena?" Maryan pressed a finger in the groove made in Rena's thigh, a hand's span below her hip, by the lower selvage of her bathing-trunks.

"Oh, I dunno," Rena evaded, with a shrug. "There has to be somebody in the Bathing Beauts to give 'down-weight' to Braisted's customers and balance the 'sieve-like' forms of you famine sufferers. Anyway, I eat what I please and never worry." She pulled up the top of her jersey and pushed the shoulder straps in close to her neck, revealing their accustomed places as narrow stripes of white in a curved expanse of sun-brown.

"O course I ain't no Veen-us," she went on. "If I was, maybe I'd got the chance to appear as 'Braisted's Best Bet' in the bathing girls' parade at Ocean View next Sunday week. You'd ought to see the niftick little suit that McConnell is fixing up for you." She laughed ripplingly. "That dame can do more work on less material than anybody I ever seen."

Maryan's pretty, sensitive face lit with misgiving.

"They aren't going to send me!" she exclaimed.

"Certain-lee! Who should they send

but the best-shaped girl on the lot? A course, they'll probably set you off with a few 'cory-frosts' like yours truly, but you're to be featured in a little suit—cerise, I think, with purple trimmings"—Rena's hands made vague movements about' her waist—"Oh, you know the kind Mac gets up, 'nothing much in front and a little less behind,' like old man Junka Deen in the pome. You don't look as if you're tickled to death about it," she declared, looking sharply at the other.

"No—I'm not," replied Maryan shortly. "It's out of my line."

Something down the row had attracted Rena's easy attention. "Think of the pub-a-licity, dearie," she drawled, rising to go.

If was of just that Maryan was thinking, and a stifled cry escaped her. She had seen pictures which enabled her to pre-vision the annual event at Ocean View. She could see the mass of gaping humanity, the surging throng which would fill the sunlit plaza to gaze at the smirking girls—at her! And Bob, no doubt, shamefaced and long-suffering in an eddy of the crowd. Or, worse! there with another girl, concealing his hurt beneath a world-weary smile. No, no! The hour had struck; she must impale herself, a sacrifice, on one of the horns of her dilemma. She came to herself at the approach of an assistant director; she was standing tense, her hand pressed against her mouth. The young man looked at her, respectfully curious.

"Call for the tank, Miss Helfer," he said. "Put on the Kellerman tights, please, and report on Mr. Schulheim's set."

Maryan was incapable of orderly thought, but it required none to put on her make-up and the suit, wrap herself in her robe and go to the stage. There, the prosaic atmosphere calmed her. She looked about with the new, lingering interest of one who gazes his last upon familiar scenes.

The stage was set as "the luxurious natatorium in a home of wealth and refinement." One end of the tank was inclosed by "walls," this being sufficient to give the effect of a room to the camera at the other end. A practicable balcony had been constructed, and from this projected a springboard. Under the balcony a wide archway gave into a solarium, and beyond this a conservatory glimpsed thru glass doors. The limit of the conservatory was the end of the stage, by the property-rooms.

Maryan, fluffing a little of her dark hair outside her cap, noted the details of the setting. She wondered why the lower panels of the conservatory doors were curtained. She observed with more interest that visitors were present; a youth of neutral appearance and a handsome, middle-aged man, impeccably dressed in a newly-pressed suit of pongee. The latter had a mobile face, with roving eyes that seemed to light upon much material for cynical amusement. The two men were in tow of the studio manager; Maryan heard the older one introduced to the leading woman as Mr. Palmer of Chicago. A friend of Braisted's, the girls whispered, "with coin enough to sink a battleship!"

MARYAN shared with her director a dislike of visitors. She ignored the keen-eyed one's gaze, which was several times turned on her, and gave all her attention to Schulheim, the director, who was "lining up" the scene. The presence of "fresh guys" like Palmer made Schulheim's single virtue stand out in contrast, so that on these rare occasions Maryan almost liked him. Schulheim seemed never to be aware of the girls—as girls. They were to him merely the materials of his trade, the plastic medium in which he worked so absorbedly and sucessfully. Many of the girls complained of this trait in their overlord; they intimated that he was ruthless, that to him nothing mattered but the picture.

Schulheim, on his part, had a grievance against his employers. His theory was that comedy demanded as much artistry in its acting as dramatic pictures, but Braisted and the owners did not see it his way, and the "cheap talent" they gave him was a constant vexation to Schulheim's spirit.

"Will you go up on the board, Miss Helfer?" Schulheim peered at her thru his amber glasses. "Strike the water in sitting position. I want to see just where to put Jack to get him splashed."

While the girls formed an ensemble on the brink below, Maryan dropped her robe and mounted to the balcony. Languidly, she moved out on the board and poised, a jet-and-ivory figure of lissome grace; leaning out as a wind-blown cedar droops to the east.

"Isn't she easy to look at!" exclaimed Palmer to his companion. Maryan vouchsafed him no sign that she heard. Her skin grew hot, but she knew that her make-up concealed her half-angry flush.

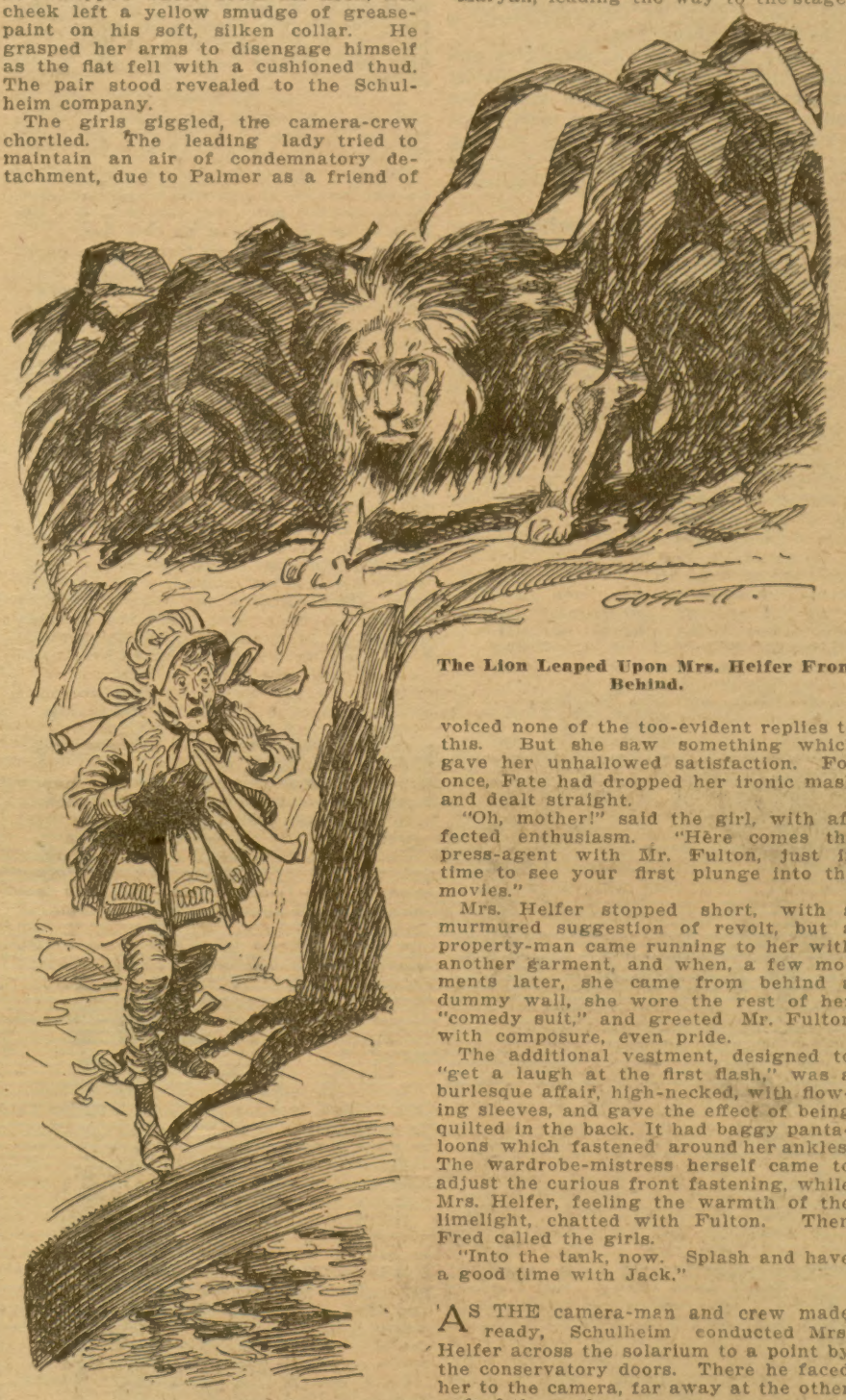
"Jump!" Schulheim shouted. "Big splash!"

The impact of the water, its cold, yielding embrace restored Maryan to herself, cleared her hot brain as it always did. The visitors made way as she scrambled out, picked up her cloak and moved behind an isolated "flat," the last of a set that was being "struck." She would drip a bit before putting on her robe. Out of sight, Schulheim bellowed orders.

Suddenly Maryan had the disagreeable sensation of being unexpectedly seized from behind. Each of her moist arms was grasped by a hand, and Palmer's face looked ingratiatingly around into hers.

"From whom are you riding, my pretty maid?" he began. A little imp, born of despair and recklessness, was freed in Maryan. Her blue eyes sparkling, she turned easily to face Palmer, put her arms up around his neck and pressed, with all her strength, her dripping suit against his thin, crisp clothing. Startled, he put out an uncertain hand against the tottering flat. As one who contentedly yields all to her big, handsome protector, Maryan sighed and laid her head on his shoulder. A soggy tuft of her hair dripped water down his neck, her cheek left a yellow smudge of grease-paint on his soft, silken collar. He grasped her arms to disengage himself as the flat fell with a cushioned thud. The pair stood revealed to the Schulheim company.

The girls giggled, the camera-crew chortled. The leading lady tried to maintain an air of condemnatory detachment, due to Palmer as a friend of



The Lion Leaped Upon Mrs. Helfer From Behind.

Braisted, but failed. Even Schulheim, seeing the tableau thru his glasses darkly, chuckled. Maryan donned her robe and joined the girls, while her would-be "masher" walked moistly to another stage.

Schulheim was "having his troubles," and the girls watched him fearfully. A woman he wanted to use in the impending scenes had failed to report. He paced the edge of the pool, swearing grimly. Then he turned on the girls. "You kids might help me," he said, not hopefully. "I need some one to play shepherdess to you lambs. A good-looking woman, about 30, large build. It's after casting hours and the people have gone."

An impulse prompted Maryan. It was a chance to get her mother into the studio, perhaps givng her a moment of pleasure before the deluge. While Maryan had no hope that viewing a comedy session would break the tenacious bubble which hypnotized Mrs. Helfer, she was sure that the experience could do no harm. That, she reflected bitterly, had already been done.

"There's a lady on the bench, Mr. Schulheim, who might do," she volunteered. "You can see her from over here."

The director followed Maryan to the fence from where, thru a lattice, they could see Mrs. Helfer conversing volubly with a spellbound young man, her only companion.

"She'll do," said Schulheim absently. "She's wanting work, of course, or she wouldn't be there. Oh, Fred!"

"If you like, I'll bring her in to you," ventured Maryan.

"Fine! She can't be worse than Mrs. Gregg, and she may be better."

Mrs. Helfer accepted with alacrity. Maryan explained that she had not told Schulheim that the "prospect" was her mother, because he might have thought she was trying to influence him. Her mother approved this and suggested that they continue to conceal the relationship. The assistant had placed an out-size one-piece bathing-suit in the room where Maryan dressed, and she found her mother a robe. Finally inside the suit, Mrs. Helfer looked herself up and down.

"There's little enough of it, isn't there?" she said doubtfully.

Maryan, leading the way to the stage, voiced none of the too-evident replies to this. But she saw something which gave her unhallowed satisfaction. For once, Fate had dropped her ironic mask and dealt straight.

"Oh, mother!" said the girl, with affected enthusiasm. "Here comes the press-agent with Mr. Fulton, just in time to see your first plunge into the movies."

Mrs. Helfer stopped short, with a murmured suggestion of revolt, but a property-man came running to her with another garment, and when, a few moments later, she came from behind a dummy wall, she wore the rest of her "comedy suit," and greeted Mr. Fulton with composure, even pride.

The additional vestment, designed to "get a laugh at the first flash," was a burlesque affair, high-necked, with flowing sleeves, and gave the effect of being quilted in the back. It had baggy pantaloons which fastened around her ankles. The wardrobe-mistress herself came to adjust the curious front fastening, while Mrs. Helfer, feeling the warmth of the limelight, chatted with Fulton. Then Fred called the girls.

"Into the tank, now. Splash and have a good time with Jack."

AS THE camera-man and crew made ready, Schulheim conducted Mrs. Helfer across the solarium to a point by the conservatory doors. There he faced her to the camera, far away at the other end of the pool.

"Now, I want you to register terror as soon as I call "Camera!" That will be the signal to begin action. This is a 'long shot,' and you'll have to lay it on thick. Wave your arms and make faces and run toward the pool and jump in. You'll do it all right," he concluded, hurrying away.

Mrs. Helfer was not so certain. The girls splashed in the pool, fictionally unaware of the approach of their duenna. One of the boys, a welcome but unlawful visitor, disported with them, to be discovered by the outraged "shepherdess."

Schulheim raised his hand. "All ready behind?" he shouted.

"Yea-bo!" came a voice. A few husky carpenters, previously instructed, moved casually in front of the small group of onlookers. Schulheim felt that it was bad enough to have visitors, without taking a chance of their running into a scene.

"Everybody back," called the director. "Ready, girls; ready, governess. Foreground, Jack. Lights! . . . Camera!"

Maryan, looking sidewise toward her mother, saw her start away from the glass doors as they opened on invisible wires. Out from the jungle of ferns bounded, with a little grunt as he was prodded from behind, a mangy but very real lion. Mrs. Helfer looked back, saw him, screamed—and gathered speed. The camera clicked steadily. The lion leaped upon Mrs. Helfer from behind. His cut claws and toothless jaws mumbled the back of her robe, where long custom had taught him to find a piece of meat. The boys and girls splashed, their "camera-wisdom" forbidding them to look toward Schulheim's latest victim until he gave the word. Only Maryan, with a cry of a wild thing, started to swim rapidly toward her mother. She saw it all now. Oh, the inhuman Schulheim!

Mrs. Helfer yearned toward the pool and human aid. The old lion tugged at the robe. The "slip" front loosened and Mrs. Helfer emerged—all but her ankles. These, because of their entanglement, brought her to her knees. She tried to crawl, her agonized face turned toward the pool—and the camera—as the beast fumbled at the pocket. It had become apparent, even to the amazed visitors, that Mrs. Helfer was in no danger except from fright. The lion got his morsel, released the robe. The terror Mrs. Helfer displayed as she stumbled, sobbing, out of his reach and into the pool was a thing so vital, so real as never to be equaled by mere histrionism. This was the effect Schulheim sought to give a touch of verisimilitude to "The Lion and the Loafer." He was well pleased as he shouted, "Cut!" and the camera ceased its whirr.

Maryan, palpitating in fury, had not quite reached the lower end of the pool as her mother tumbled in, cumbered by the wet robe around her feet. Gasping and thrashing, she was upheld by the girls. The spectators rushed in, and it was Fulton who put his arms under Mrs. Helfer and hoisted her over the side. But she surprised him by pushing him away and including him in the terrible indictment which darted from her eyes and which only lack of breath prevented her putting into caustic words. Maryan, glancing up from her task of freeing her mother's ankles, saw Schulheim staring down at them. He was curious to see Mrs. Helfer's reaction to the events he had prepared for Mrs. Gregg, and had no thought of gloating. But Maryan sprang up in front of him and, in her passion, darted at his face, hands curved like talons. He withdrew sharply from their feline menace, while the girl, trembling with the energy of her wrath, cried out upon him:

"Oh, you awful—thing! You heartless, cruel beast, to let me lead my own mother into your inhuman trap! You might have killed her! Oh, if my my father were here—if somehow, you might get yours! You will, too—you will!"

Quickly Maryan helped her mother to the dressing-room. Some kind soul brought smelling-salts, which stimulated Mrs. Helfer's naturally brisk recuperative powers. She stooped, during her dressing, occasionally to gasp with futile resentment. That such unimagined things should be! She said little, however, until, just as they were to leave, she put her hand on Maryan's arm.

"Maryan," she said earnestly, "what you said about your father—I don't want him ever to know, dear, about what happened today and about this awful place I sent you to. We'll start forgetting it right now, because—well, I want to get your father out here. You'll be living in this beautiful country with Bob and we should all be together. Won't that be fine?" At the glad light in the girl's face, Mrs. Helfer paused. "Why, of course, dear, you will. Bob's a fine boy, and I'm—I'm cured of the movies." She closed her eyes and pressed her hands to her still throbbing breast. "You know I'm cured!" She drew her daughter into her arms. "But promise you'll never tell him. . . ."

And Maryan never did.

* * *

A Convention of the Lions

(Concluded From Page 5.)

ment, when he explained it all in a whisper.

As the two looked around under the cigarette veil they saw for the first time the shredded cot and the transparent rug, and caught the ecstatic light that filled her eyes.

"Isn't that a glorious mist rolling in from the harbor?" breathed the popular poet, softly. "Like a trailing bridal veil on the staircase, it catches and clings to the sentinel chimneys and the spying skylights; then, as if gathered up by some chaste but unseen hand, it swings on again to an improved portal."

Miss Bonnie straightened up and repeated after him on her lips the sentence, her heart leaping. As the two men parted they held her hand until her face beamed. As the door closed behind them she rushed to the window and hung on it breathlessly, drew back her head when they appeared on the sidewalk, and watched them with beating heart until they wheeled the corner.

"Katie," she said, ecstatically, "isn't it all wonderful—glorious? Spring—these gifted men—everything? Did you get it all?—like a trailing bridal veil on the staircase it catches and clings——!"

* * *

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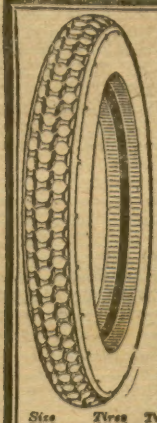

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32x3 1-2	7.00	2.00			
31x4	8.00	2.25	35x5	12.50	3.60
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GOING UP

By Charles Fulton Oursler

CHAPTER VI.

THE MAN IN THE GREEN CAP TURNS AROUND.

INTO Bobby Culberson's ears there came a confused sound of artillery. At first he imagined it to be central punishing his ear after he had bawled her out for not getting a number. Then he identified it as the trampling hoofs of many thousands of horses. Every horse was ridden, he felt certain, by a withered, mouthing hag.

He caught Skip by the shoulders and shook him violently. Skip and Bobby thus awoke simultaneously. And then Bobby knew what the sound really was. It was Mrs. Melchizadek Hope, rapping her knuckles against the panel of the door. It was morning on Shadrach Mountain.

"Helloa!" cried Bobby feebly.

"Your breakfast is waiting!" declaimed Mrs. Hope, and left them.

Without speaking, Bobby and Skip began to dress. For once in their lives, they felt the futility of conversation. Their minds were too crowded with memories and questions, for talk. Their usual badinage had lost its tang. They were sobered and thoughtful.

Now that they faced remembrance of the night in the broad sunshine of the golden mountain morning, their weird experiences bewildered them. Their adventures on their arrival, the singular disappearance and reappearance of Mr. Melchizadek and Mrs. Charity Hope; the strange noises they had heard; their discoveries in the attic; the specter of the ancient equestrienne, considered in broad daylight all seemed unbelievable.

Bobby's thoughts were as bitter as they were baffling. Louise had been kidnaped, and he had tried to save her in vain. His heart was ashes.

Breakfast was served in the kitchen. Melchizadek was not around when they descended, but his wife was busy at the range, and the table was set for two. In spite of their despondency, Bobby and Skip felt the gnawing pangs of that great American appetite which is the precious heritage of such youths. With something more than akin to a gleam of satisfaction, they inhaled the savory odor of Mrs. Hope's cooking, and they attacked the fried liver, country sausage, boiled eggs, buckwheat cakes and corn pone with lively enthusiasm. Heartily they ate, tho they were still suspicious of Mrs. Hope. Ravenously they devoured what she had cooked, tho believing that tucked away somewhere in the corner of the buckwheats, or in some other place, there might lurk prussic acid or dynamite.

MRS. HOPE was the first to speak.

"You young fellows don't like us much, I guess," she stated, darting a keen glance over her steel-rimmed spectacles from one to the other. "I don't know as we've got much call to feel nice about you two, neither. Mighty queer goings on in your room last night after I came down stairs. But I guess it ain't my business to ask questions of you in your own house. But I'd like to have a little talk with you."

"Mrs. Hope, we are glad to talk with you," Bobby assured her. "We can't stay here very long, for Mr. Jones and I have an important matter that will keep us out on the mountain, perhaps all day. But we can talk to you later—and if you have something important, why, speak it right now."

Mrs. Hope heaved a sigh.

"What did you come up here fur?" she asked.

"Why, because I wanted to see the house my uncle left me. It's mine."

"That's what you said yestiddy," she recalled. "But we didn't believe it. Don't you understand, young fellers—this has been our home for forty years. I was housekeeper for your grandfather, and for your uncle after the old man died. We always thought when your uncle died he would leave us the place; we knew he was a hard man, but we didn't think he would treat us that way.

"He never paid us a cent—just give us free rent—for keeping the place up. I made a little on the side with my sewing and Mel does odd jobs here and there, but Mr. Culberson, it's been all we could do to live on, and we haven't got a cent saved. Our last dollar went into a Liberty Bond and that's all we got. And now you've come to claim your place, we don't know what to do. We ain't got a relation in the world, and we don't want to go to the poorhouse. That's why Mel got the shotgun at you yesterday—he was just so het up about it. Of course, he's sorry now, and he knows it's none of your fault. I hope you'll forgive us for acting so queer. Mel thought he could get the law on you and send you back where you came from, but the lawyer said he wouldn't do nothin'. That's where we was last night—down in Frederick to see Lawyer Thompson. But we won't stand in your way no more—we'll git out. Mel's down in Frederick now, trying to find what we can for ourselves."

Bobby had listened to her attentively. When she had finished, he stood up, and said:

"Mrs. Hope, this place is yours. I don't want it and I won't have it. By right it is yours—you have earned it; I haven't. I am going to deed this property to you and your husband. Come on Skip!"

And that was the how and the why of the telegram which Rabinowitz received, just as he was about to sell the house for one hundred thousand dollars.

Begin a day with a good action, runs an old screed, and it will be a good day. With Bobby, however, the rule did not appear to be working on this day.

Without thinking of lunch, they trampled thru the mountain forests, thru ravines, over bowlders, across streams, down steeps and up them, hunting, searching for something that might lead them to Louise and her captor, hour upon hour without a vestige of success. Not a single clew did they find. Once or twice they came upon men, whom they questioned. The mountaineers heard them stolidly. They had not seen any girl. And Bobby did not think it wise to say anything about the old woman on the horse. They might be taken for lunatics.

Late afternoon found them, tired and famished, within sight again of the house on the top of Shadrach Mountain. They were in low spirits, with hope almost gone. Bobby was fretting like a condemned man, torn with the darkest doubts as to the safety of the girl he loved, fearing the worst things his imagination could picture.

"We will go into Frederick and tell our story to the police," he told Skip.

"They will think we are—there he is!" answered Skip abruptly. Excitedly he pointed down the trail, at a figure slowly climbing the mountain. It was the man in the green cap—the man with whom they had seen Louise in such earnest conversation the afternoon before.

The man was making for the same plateau-like promontory where he had spoken with Louise when they had last seen them together. He was looking around cautiously, and they saw him cup his hands and shout something which came up to their ears like a distant echo.

"He's looking for her!" declared Bobby. "Let's steal down on him and take him by surprise. We'll make him talk, all right!"

"You said it!" answered Skip.

Down the slope they scrambled, keeping behind trees and rocks, proceeding as noiselessly and carefully as their meager mountain craft permitted. Presently they stood in the shadow of a jutting rock, gazing at the man, who was not more than fifteen yards below them.

He was pacing back and forth like a caged, excited animal. Several times he placed two fingers between his teeth and whistled sharply. There was no reply. Then he turned and faced them, and they saw there was a leveled automatic in his hand. He had discovered them.

"Come down here!" he yelled.

"I've got you covered, too!" shouted Skip. "If you fire, I fire!"

Which was true. Skip was always a believer in preparedness, and his hand had been near his weapon ever since he came to Shadrach Mountain.

Keeping his revolver pointed at the man, Skip stepped out boldly, with Bobby beside him. The two slowly descended, until all three were face to face on the level ground.

"Where's Miss Lorne, curse you?" cried the stranger.

"That's what we're here to find out!" answered Bobby angrily. "Why don't you put that thing down and act like a sensible human being?"

"Because I believe you know where Miss Lorne is," answered the stranger in a surly tone. "And I'd kill any one who has harmed her!"

Bobby did not particularly appreciate this chivalric sentiment. He wondered what authority this man had to care for Louise so deeply.

"So would I," was his rejoinder. "I am Robert Culberson of New York. This is my property. You're a trespasser. We are looking for Miss Lorne, who has disappeared. Your actions are very suspicious."

The man paused, apparently considering what he should do. Finally he thrust his weapon back into his pocket.

"I am a friend of Miss Lorne," he said simply. "I know that something has happened—else she would be here to meet me. What do you know about it?"

Bobby quickly related all that they had seen, ending with a request for the man's name and business.

"My name's Galland," he complied. "My business is my own. That is, at present, a secret with Miss Lorne. What you tell me about the old woman and the horse does not surprise me. I have seen her. She has been riding across the mountain for many nights. I am afraid Miss Lorne is in grave danger."

"How can we look for her?" asked Bobby imploringly, and he told how they had searched the mountain all day.

Rapidly they considered various plans—bloodhounds, police, search parties.

But it remained for Skip to suggest the plan that was adopted.

"See here," he proposed, "Mr. Galland has said that this old woman rides around here every night. We can't follow her on foot, and an automobile is out of the question. Wry can't we wait for her and follow her on horseback?"

"Now that she has Louise, I doubt if she will return," doubted Galland. "She will know some one will be waiting for her."

"But why not take a chance?" insisted Skip, appealing to Bobby.

"We can try it," decided Bobby, "and if that plan fails, we must appeal to the police—tho what they can do, I can't imagine. If we can just get the horses——"

"Say no more," interrupted Galland tensely. "I can have three horses and firearms for us all here by sundown. Is it a go?"

His face was flushed with enthusiasm and his eyes were shining. Bobby jealously wondered why he was so interested. What were his relations with Louise, anyway?

But there was no time for delaying action. They agreed on a meeting place, and Galland, after shaking hands with both of them, hurried down the trail. Not until he had vanished altogether did the two friends speak.

"Our only chance," said Bobby. "But who the devil is that fellow, Skip?"

"It might be all a trap," answered Skip. "That man Galland will bear watching. After all—he himself might be the hag!"

CHAPTER VII.

"THE HAG IS——"

NIGHT drops swiftly around the peak of Shadrach, like an old enchanter casting a dark mantle over an object that is to disappear. With it now came a moaning, fretful wind, and clouds whirling across the face of the moon. It found Bobby and Skip sober and anxious.

Across the debris of dinner on the kitchen table, the two friends faced each other, disconsolate and anxious. They knew what difficulties confronted them.

First, there was the insistent doubt both held of Galland. What were his motives, his intentions, his relations to Louise? He might not even keep his tryst. But even supposing that his purposes were good and true, and he did appear, their plans might come to naught, for the hag might not ride this night. If her sole object had been to capture Louise, it was achieved! Why run further risk? And finally, granting that she did appear, and that Galland was there with his weapons and horses, they might fail after all. Both Bobby and Skip could ride, but they were not expert horsemen—and following that galloping horse and its phantom rider was bound to be a harzardous business in the dark.

Bobby looked at his watch.

"Let's go!" he said. "It's almost time!"

To their unconcealed delight, they found Galland waiting for them, when they reached the fringe of forest that had been agreed upon as a meeting-place. He was there with three horses, three loaded rifles, three revolvers—a thrice-triple indication of good faith.

"They are good horses, accustomed to the mountains, and they will not balk at a strange mount," he assured them. "It is pretty early, but I figured we had better not take any chances whatever. Usually it's midnight before she shows

HE DARKENED HIS GRAY HAIR

Tells How He Did It.

Mr. J. A. McCrea, a well-known resident of California, who was called Daddy and Grandpa on account of his white hair, and who darkened it with a home-made mixture, recently made the following statement:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

up. Now—how shall we dispose ourselves?"

After some further discussion, it was agreed that they should take positions at three points of an imaginary triangle, with the house as its apex. In the dark spot of shadow under the eastern gable of the house Galland sat on his horse, in readiness for what might come. Behind the large bowlder at the western side of the house was Skip, astride his horse. And over at the edge of the woods, in the black shadows of the trees, waited Bobby.

Their plan was simple. From whatever direction the old woman might approach, they were ready for her, and by signals which had been agreed upon they were prepared to close in upon her and make her prisoner. That, at least, was the theory.

It had become bitterly cold in a very few hours. Sharp and keen the wind swept around the bald head of Shadrach, slamming the shutters and rattling the windows of the house; crackling and rending the imploring arms of the trees. Night covered the landscape like a blanket of blackness, and the moon was in retreat behind a bank of clouds.

Dreary vigil those hours proved to be. Like palsied, frozen things, the seconds seemed to creep, halted and maimed by the chill blasts that swept and shrilled over the bleak expanse. Hard and bitter it was for the three sentinels, but each, at his post, swore that he would not give in to mere bodily discomfort. In the gloom of the groaning, splitting woodland, where he lurked, Bobby swore that if the hag showed herself, she would find him ready.

During those hours of cold and fatigue, he tried to think over all that occurred, step by step, and to find some sensible explanation that would fit all the facts. But none came. The last time he looked at the luminous dial of his watch the hands were at half past 11. They could hardly be kept waiting much longer, he reflected. And then, almost before the watch was back in his pocket, the sound came clear above the raving and roaring of the wind.

Galloping, thundering hoofs!

Galloping across the frozen sod, thundering and thudding and resounding, with the trampling onrush of an animal, whipped and spurred to mad, maniacal speed. Galloping, galloping, galloping, nearer and nearer and nearer, louder and louder and louder, rushing upon them furiously, insanely, thunderingly—but from where? Where? Where?

Bobby had tightened his grip on the reins, and bent forward cautiously, eager for the first glimpse, longing to urge forward his horse in darting pursuit. The noise was at him, near him, all around him, louder, more deafening—yet nothing visible!

And then, suddenly, there flashed into view the last thing in the world Bobby had expected to see.

A black horse, plunging and rearing, came racing across the open land, its mane flying in the wind, and crouched upon it, whipping it to a faster gait, was Louise Lorne.

Bareheaded, her golden hair streaming behind her, wild-eyed and frightened, she clung there, like a strange wild thing.

"Louise!" called Bobby, giving his horse a vicious yank that sent it rushing toward her.

A horrid yell from behind him caused him to look back over his shoulder—and to see what his leaping heart had already forboded at the first echo of that scream. The hag was upon them, in full, vengeful pursuit.

Like an embodied fury, she appeared at the brow of the hill—a wild, grotesque figure—a crazy hag upon a flying steed—bearing down upon them. Squatted and hunched the old woman straddled her horse, her gray hair flying like a banner, her black coat trembling and fluttering.

Across the treacherous landscape she flew. One skinny arm was stretched out, as if in defiance; something glittered in her claw, and there was a sharp report.

At the same instant, a white horse screamed shrilly, and riderless, rushed off into the darkness. On the ground in front of the house of mystery a dark figure shuddered a little and then lay still. Galland, also rushing to the rescue; Galland, who by his position was able to head off the onrushing fiend; Galland, the mysterious devoted friend of Louise, had been downed by a bullet.

WHAT followed came with the blinding suddenness of a bit of lightning. Another yell came from the old woman, and her right hand moved like the dart of an adder. For the first time she realized that she was trapped. Shot after shot cracked and roared and echoed like the barking of hungry wolves across the mountainside. By Bobby's head whizzed the bullets, but he pressed on, with Skip hurrying to his assistance.

Fleeter than all was the old woman's steed. Moment by moment, she gained on Louise; nearer and nearer she came, the distance shortening between them. Then, with an unearthly shriek, the hag did a ghastly, mad, devilish thing. A bare two feet lay between her horse and Louise. Whooping wildly, she gave a leap, darted from her horse, whirled thru the air, and landed with the sureness of a flying bat, safe on the other racing horse. Her arms closed round Louise, and she turned mockingly at her pursuers, as her own horse galloped off.

Urged on by a dull, despairing horror, Bobby and Skip worried their horses in desperate efforts to overtake her. But they knew there was no hope—that presently the old woman would disappear, as she had done before, and that no trace would be left.

It was a moment for quick decisive action.

Until now, Bobby had not dared to fire. Always Louise had been within the range of his fire. In the army, he had been a good marksman. But this was different. And now he saw Louise slipping from him, clasped in the arms of this monster. In another moment she might be lost to him forever. It was now or never.

He took the dare fate had thrown him. Bringing his rifle to his shoulder, he leveled it straight at the fleeing horse before them. With the horse rising and plunging beneath him, it was not easy to aim. But Bobby fired.

A high, shrill wail from the horse told him his shot had hit home. Then, as the clouds scudded from off the moon, he saw the animal stumbling and reeling, pitching drunkenly forward beneath his double burden. And he saw the haggard fury of the old woman as she looked back at him, cursing him. Cool as death itself, Bobby fired again. The horse stopped, swayed heavily and fell.

The hag and her captive were unhorsed.

Mouthing, spitting, fuming, howling, the old woman scrambled to her feet and grabbed Louise. The girl, now unconscious, she laid across the side of the horse, and behind this strange barricade the strange creature crouched, her revolver pointed straight at Bobby.

"The cowardly devil!" roared Bobby. "If I fire I might kill Louise!"

Sharply he reined in, and turned to Skip. But in that sudden instant, Skip had disappeared.

The old woman had not fired. She was waiting for Bobby to approach nearer, that her shots might be more certain. It gave Bobby a moment to think. If Skip were only there, he could arrange a plan instantly by which one could creep up behind the old woman, while the other kept her busy. But Skip, unaccountably, had vanished. Bobby hoped he had not been hit.

No one could realize better than he, however, that he could not wait for Skip's return. Before him crouched a crafty, fiendishly cruel creature, and to save Louise he must act at once. Casting discretion to the four winds, Bobby decided to rush down upon her, at whatever the risk, until he was near enough to fire without danger to Louise.

"Get up!" he called quickly to the horse. At the same moment a strange thing happened.

Out of the blackness behind the old woman a shadow reared itself—the shadow of a young man, swinging a rifle clubbed above his head. In another instant the club would have hit the head of the unsuspecting old woman.

But the moon came out, and the shadow of the young man was thrown across the ground. The old woman saw it in time.

With such fury as the devils possess, she leaped upon Skip—fighting with superhuman powers. She screeched, scratched, fought, clawed, tore, howled and kicked.

crushing force against which the valiant Skip struggled dazedly. She moved with the ferocity, the strength, the deadliness of a tigress. Stark murder sat on her squared jaws and glittering eyes.

Before Skip knew what was happening, the rifle was wrenched from his grasp and hurled away. Her skinny hands curled round his throat before he knew it. From his throat came a gasp. Everything grew black.

Then Bobby reached him—Bobby with his rifle clubbed, and brought it down with a perfectly placed smash right on the old hag's head.

With a startled gasp the fighting demon collapsed, and fell limp and senseless at their feet. And as she fell, the long gray hair that streamed from her withered head fell also, but not with her. It rolled drunkenly to one side. It was a wig.

Bobby and Skip bent low to gaze upon the altered countenance of the strange creature who had tormented them until this hour. Long they looked upon the features, plain beneath a rough make-up which added to them the horror which they possessed. Those features were familiar ones—features which they had seen often in pictures.

"Who is it? I know the face but I can't recall," whispered Skip.

"I know!" cried Bobby suddenly. "We've seen the face in the papers often—only it had a beard there, and I'll bet the beard was false. It's the psychic professor—the man we wanted to sell the house to—Professor Salisbury—the old boy, himself!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HETTY BUYS THE HOUSE AT LAST.

ANY one in Frederick County will tell you that Mrs. Melchizadek Hope is famous for her tea.

She brews it in her own necromantic fashion with certain special details which she guards as a sacred trust, not to be imparted lightly. Both to nose and palate it is irresistible. Beneath its magic influence, doubts, cares, suspicions float away in the form of a delicate, aromatic vapor rising from her old-fashioned china cups.

At 2 o'clock that morning, Mrs. Melchizadek Hope had a tea party.

It was served in that famous chamber of the house—the kitchen. And in all her seventy-odd years Mrs. Hope had never entertained a stranger assemblage of guests.

Propped in a rocking-chair, paled a bit, but smiling grimly, was Galland. He had smilingly declined Bobby's professional offers and had insisted on having a Frederick physician summoned. From the station telephone at the base of the mountain word had been sent. The doctor had come; had spoken patronizingly of the slight flesh wound; had treated it, bandaged it, and departed, refusing tea. It seemed that the population of Frederick was about to be increased by one, possibly two, and that the doctor was to be the master of ceremonies.

In another rocker at the end of the room, flushed and smiling, was Louise,

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What Fun for the Youngsters!

Each Movy-Dol has 4 changes of costume with extra hats, caps, etc., and also his or her favorite pet. Mary Pickford, for instance, as herself, as the "Little Princess," the "Lass of Kil'leen" and "Hulda from Holland" and her pet kitten. Think of the fun changing the costumes (which are the ones you have seen them in at the movies) and making groupings, setting them to acting, doing the stunts, having regular movie shows.

Don't miss this chance to give the youngsters a wonderful show right at home—fun for every day and evening all winter long. Oceans of fun, peals of laughter, greet these Movy-Dols. Nothing else like them—the most wonderful entertainment you can bring into the home. Packed in neat portfolio with full instructions. Read our special free offer—then send today. Remember this entire collection of Movy-Dols is FREE, if you act quickly while the offer holds good.

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We want to secure 100,000 subscriptions to the great household magazine, Woman's World—we want them this month and that is why we make this really startling free offer on the pretty Movy-Dols.

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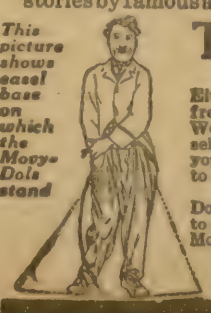
When a woman once sees or reads a number of this great publication, she is simply eager to subscribe for it. It is such a complete source of pleasure and instruction.



This picture shows easel base on which the Movy-Dols stand

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Send us only TWO subscriptions at 50c each.

Either new ones or renewals—and you get the dolls absolutely free. Any two of your neighbors will gladly give 50c each to get Woman's World for a year—or you can send for one year for yourself and one year for someone else or 2 years to one person. If you haven't time, let the boy or girl do the soliciting. It's so easy to get a Christmas gift that would tickle the heart of any child.

Do this right now. Don't put off. When our stock of Movy-Dols is gone the offer will be withdrawn. Right now is the time to get the subscriptions. Ask someone today, and get the pretty Movy-Dols Free. Use the coupon or write a letter.

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Address.....

Name.....

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My name and address are.....

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See for yourself what a wonderful value this splendid Serge Skirt is. Made of finely-woven, splendid quality, wool-mixed serge. Full cut in season's latest style. Two stylish pockets trimmed with buttons and silk braid. Separate belt lined with patent; two large buttons in front. Back finished with soft shirring. You will be absolutely delighted with the appearance and quality. Sizes 22 to 40 waist, 36 to 42 length. Colors Navy Blue and Black.

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Measurement for FREE Waist: Bust only.....In.

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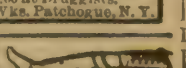

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as buoyant and happy a young person as any one would wish to behold. Certainly the outlandish experiences which

In her arms was a strange, dreadful, she had undergone had met their match in the resilience and vitality that was as much a part of her soul as of her body. In one hand she held tightly a folded sheet of writing paper.

Barely an inch of space separated her chair from another. In the second chair sat Bobby Culberson, and shamelessly he remained there with his arm around Louise in a proprietary manner which she seemed rather to favor. His eyes devoured her.

Immediately in front of a plate piled high with cookies sat Skip. Every one else had passed up the cookies. They were now passing down Skip.

Melchizadek Hope sat in the corner, smoking his pipe and beaming.

There had been a long silence.

"Louise," said Bobby tenderly, "won't you explain what you have been doing up in these mountains—and everything."

"Why, that's very simple," she returned. "I've been working up here—for my employer."

"Who is he?" asked Bobby, with a quick glance at Galland.

"The New York Planet," replied Louise proudly. "After we had quarreled, Bobby, I made good my desire for a career and entered newspaper work. And I'm a success," she added emphatically. "You see, Bobby, the whole country has been reading about this old woman and the horse. The day you came up here the first story appeared in the Planet, but for several days Mr. Galland—who is a reporter on the Frederick News and the Planet's correspondent—has been writing it for his own paper. He wired us about it. I told our managing editor it was a fake and I would undertake to prove it. And he let me come. And that's about all.

"I lived up here, sleeping in an old farmhouse on the other side of the mountain, and hunting day and night, all by myself, for a clew to the old hag. Yesterday I found it. About a mile from here there is a deep ravine, and Professor Salisbury had built himself a remarkable hiding place there. I understand that during the war he was a camouflage expert in Mesopotamia—about the only decent thing in his career. He had a place, covered with boughs and trees, where he could hide his horses, and live, and pretty well escape detection. But I found it. I was poking around among his things, and patting his horses, when he returned and found me.

"I recognized him at once. First I tried to pretend innocence, but he made it clear he suspected me, and he wouldn't let me go. Then I struggled with him, and managed to knock him senseless with a jug, and I got away. I had his secret, but I wasn't ready to go yet. I wanted to interview him and get a better story, under conditions where he wouldn't be in control. I hid outside, and then, when he came galloping along last night, I saw that he had discovered me. He wheeled his horse around to come after me, and I quickly circled your house, found the back door open and ran in. When I got out the window he overtook me and carried me off."

"I know he would like to have killed me. But he lacked the nerve. Tonight I managed to escape again—otherwise he would never have ventured out. And that," she smiled wearily, "is really all!"

During another pause, in the course of which Bobby brazenly took her hand right out in meeting and kissed it three times, Skip demolished the penultimate cookie in the dish. On this remaining remnant of his feast he placed a staking finger and asked:

"Did we really do the right thing in letting Salisbury go?"

Louise help up the paper which she clasped.

"This is all that I desired," she said. "It is his confession. It will back up the expose which I am writing for the Planet. Listen."

Slowly and clearly she read as follows:

"I, William Cloke, alias Professor Salisbury, alias Circus Klein, alias Joe, the Turtle, do hereby of my own free will and accord, confess that I am a fake spirit medium. I came to this country to make money. I got a lot of rich people interested in my Society for the Supernatural Research. To advertise my plans, I announced I wanted to buy a haunted house and would use it as my headquarters. In England I once met the late Timothy Culberson, and he had told me the legend of this old house. It impressed me. When I found public sentiment waning a little, I made up my mind the scheme needed real advertising. So I decided to have my agent—Miss DelRay, the mind reader—buy the house for me for a few hundred dollars, in New York, and meanwhile I came down here to give it a real haunted reputation. But Miss DelRay bungled matters and couldn't buy the house, for some reason or other. And now I am caught here and facing prison for kidnaping a young woman. I intend to go away, to Australia, change my name, and profit by my experience.

"The next time I try anything like this, I'll know what to watch out for, anyhow.

(Signed) "WILLIAM CLOKE."

Bobby turned to Skip and the two burst out laughing.

"He came up here for the same reason we did," crowed Skip. "To haunt this house and make money out of it!"

"How's that?" asked Louise.

But here Mrs. Melchizadek Hope interfered. She said it was time for Louise to go to bed. Which, as her husband commented later, it was.

BY DIPLOMATIC maneuvering, Bobby and Louise found themselves alone in the kitchen for a few brief moments.

"Louise," murmured Bobby eagerly, "the last time we were engaged we delayed our wedding a week—and then we quarreled!"

"Yes," confirmed Louise, her lashes dropping.

"In the town of Frederick, Maryland, they have jewelers, license clerks and preachers of all denominations," urged Bobby. "Why not tomorrow morning—early?"

"But what about Hetty?" asked Louise.

At noon of the following day there was a hastily but delightfully arranged wedding luncheon in the New City Hotel, on Patrick street, in Frederick.

There was a shyly beautiful bride, called Louise, and a proud and red-faced bridegroom, called Bobby, and a wistful best man, surtitled Skip. Then there were some beaming guests, known as a Mr. Galland and Mr. and Mrs. Melchizadek Hope.

"Our train leaves at 6:10 this evening," explained Bobby. "It's only a little past noon. Let's go back to the old house and get that old diary and some other things, and see Mr. and Mrs. Hope safely home in the bargain."

They agreed it was a wonderful idea, and it was carried out. On the climb up the mountain, Bobby was slightly in the lead. He came to the brow of the hill first, and was astonished to see a man and a girl standing in front of the house. A second glance told him the whole blasted truth. It was Hilary Delton and his daughter Hetty!

They caught sight of him at the same time, and Hetty ran toward him with buoyant crows of pleasure.

"Oh—oh, Bobby!" she cooed, and rushing upon him gayly, she threw her arms around him and smacked her lips roundly against his. Just at that moment, Louise and the rest of the bridal party climbed the top of the hill. Hilary Dalton came forward and shook Bobby's hands affably.

"Bobby," he said, "our car is below. I've an important engagement in Washington this evening, so I must hurry. I want to talk business to you, and I'll get right down to cases. I understand that house is yours. Well, I want to buy it!"

"But I've promised to deed it to the tenants," explained Bobby, trying to withdraw gracefully from Hetty's open and evident affection.

"I'll give you one hundred thousand dollars for that house—and I have a bill of sale drawn up, and a certified check with me," continued Delton blandly, drawing the papers from his pocket.

"Why do you want to give me a hundred thousand dollars for that house?" faltered Bobby dazedly.

"That's a secret I cannot tell you until the deal is closed."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Delton, please!"

Bobby walked over to the Hopes and rapidly explained the situation. He offered them exactly one-half—fifty thousand dollars. Awe-struck, they accepted at once.

"All righ, Mr. Delton, I'll sell it," announced Bobby, returning.

The bills of sale were signed with Delton's fountain pen and witnessed by Skip and Melchizadek. Then Bobby pocketed the certified check, and turned to find Hetty, with pursed lips, standing on tip-toe beside him.

"I've wonderful news for you, Bobby," she said.

"What's that?" fluttered Bobby, with an uneasy glance over his shoulder.

"Your Uncle Henry's dead!"

"When did he die?" asked Bobby.

"The cablegram came the day you left town. You weren't home, but your uncle's lawyer also got one, and when he couldn't get in touch with you, some of your friends told him to call me up. And that's how I knew. And Bobby—he left you more than a million dollars!"

"Hu—what?"

"Uh-hum!"

"He left me a million dollars?" croaked Bobby, hoarsely.

"Exactly—you stupid, ducky old boy. And he tied a funny little string around it—stated in his will that you couldn't have the money unless you made a hundred thousand dollars within a year. And that's where little Hetty stepped in, Bobby. I told Dad all about it—and Dad, like a good sport, understood. He lent me a hundred thousand dollars, and came up here and bought your house. Now, under the will, you can claim your money. And now we can be married and everything!"

"Just a minute!"

"Is this sale perfectly legal, Mr. Delton?" he asked. "Can anything on earth break it?"

"Nothing," said Delton loftily. "I have consulted the most expensive lawyers in New York!"

"Good!" agreed Skip. "Now go ahead and tell them, Bobby."

"What's it all about, Bobby?" asked Louise, coming forward for the first time and taking his arm.

Bobby grinned wanly.

"Mr. Delton," he said, "I want you to meet my wife. . . . And, Mr. Delton, I am going to return you this money—just as soon as I collect from Uncle Henry's lawyers. In the meantime, we are just starting on our honeymoon and this fifty thousand profit is going to come in mighty handy, believe me!"

The End.

* * *

SAND.

The trouble with so many folks
Is this, I understand—
They are like the locomotive
That's not supplied with sand.

I call to mind an engine
Which I observed one day,
Standing in the roundhouse,
Where locomotives stay.

It was panting for a journey,
It was coaled and fully manned.
And the fireman had a little box
He was filling up with sand.

It 'pears that locomotives
Can't always get a grip
On the slender iron pavements,
And their wheels are apt to slip.

So when they reached a slippery spot.
And occasion does demand
To get a grip upon the rails,
They sprinkle them with sand.

It's about this way with travel
Along life's slippery track—
Your load gets kind o' heavy,
And you start to sliding back.

But just recall the locomotive,
And quick you'll understand
That in starting what you needed
Was a good supply of sand.

You can reach 'most any station
That along life's route is seen,
If there's a fire beneath the boiler
Of ambition's strong machine.

And you'll reach a place called Flushtown
At a rate of speed that's grand.
If for all the slippery places
You've a good supply of sand.

—H. Terwilliger.

* * *

Defeat.

ALGY swaggered into the hotel and entered the telephone booth. He was immaculately clad and in a lordly humor.

"Halloa!" he drawled, putting the receiver to his ear.

A minute passed. He repeated the summons. His lordly humor began to descend in rank.

"Halloa!" he called again.

No response. He grasped the received with an iron grip.

"Halloa!"

Still no response. His lordly humor was now gone and he shouted things into the receiver which must have made even that experienced instrument tremble.

At last, when the perspiration streamed from his bursting brow and his hat was limp and both he and his language were exhausted, a notice caught his eye. It read:

"Give the number you require to the clerk at the desk and wait until the connection is made."

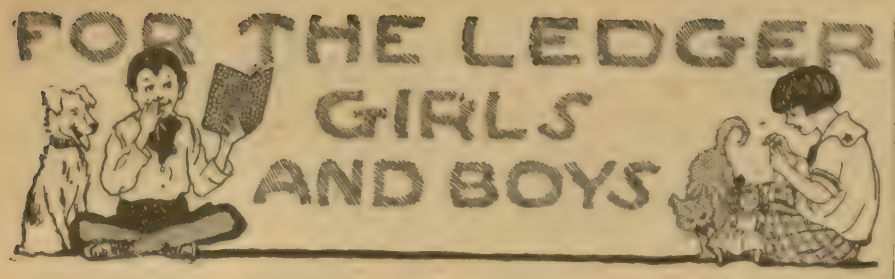
He slunk away so quietly that no one saw him go.

LOWER PRICES!

PRICES have dropped in Boston, world's shoe market. Dealers from all over the country are rushing to Boston to secure these fresh new shoes at the new low prices. Beautiful new styles, and splendid new leathers of pre-war quality are again available.

The Boston Mail Order House, which is the oldest and largest house selling direct from the shoe market of the world, is selling guaranteed quality Work Shoes for men as low as $3.29 a pair, and for ladies as low as $2.19 a pair.

They have printed a beautiful catalog of these fresh new shoes at the smashed low prices which they will send free to any reader of this paper. Simply send a post card and they will send you the book at once, with no obligation on you to buy. Their shoes are guaranteed. Simply address Boston Mail Order House, Boston, Mass., Dept. B7, and say you want a catalog.—Adv.



An Adventure in the Woods

"O-O-O, what a wild-looking wood!" said Polly. "I wonder if any ogres or tigers live in it!"

Her cousin Agnes laughed.

"I'm afraid you won't find anything as exciting as that in these woods," she said. "This is really not a bit wild compared with the forests higher up on the mountains. I suppose it is different, rather, from a city park, tho."

"I should say so," Polly replied, glancing around at the big trees on every side, whose great branches allowed just little bits of the sunlight to come thru to the mossy ground. "But I like it, Aggie, it is so cool and pleasant and it looks so adventuresome whether it is or not. I wish there were mountains in the city, too."

Agnes laughed at Polly's quaint wish. "It is nice and cool and I wish I could share these mountains with everybody in the world," she said, generously. "Not this lunch, tho," she added, opening the little basket she carried. "Polly, we've been so greedy on our way up here, I declare, there isn't much lunch left!"

"That's because we shared it with the birds and the squirrels," Polly replied. "Just think how surprised the little creatures will be when they look out of their holes and nests and see a nice bit of your mother's good bread waiting for them."

"Well, I hope they find all the pieces," Agnes sighed. "It would be a shame if they didn't when we could do so well with it ourselves. Now we shall have to do with a sandwich apiece, these ginger snaps and this pot of jam."

"Um-m, that sounds good!" said the cheerful Polly. "Tho I hope you are not vexed with me for being so free with the lunch. I ate a lot of the bread myself and I am really not so awfully hungry now, so you take the two sandwiches."

"I shan't," Agnes replied, "and I guess I ate quite as much as you did on the way, at that. You haven't a bit of right taking all the blame. We can fill out with blackberries, there are a lot of them around here."

"What fun!" Polly clapped her hands. "Let's get them first and have them with our lunch. It will be a real sumptuous feast!"

Agnes emptied the little basket and covered the lunch with a napkin before they started out on their search for the berries. They did not have to go far before they came to a delightful patch of brambly vines that glistened all over with them.

"O-o-o, what stickers!" Polly cried, and in the same breath, "What great, big, magnificent, fit-for-a-Queen berries!".

What fun it was to pick and how quickly the little basket filled up! Agnes covered it with leaves and Polly insisted on carrying it as they hurried back to their camping place.

Agnes went first and just as she came in sight of the spot she stopped short with an exclamation. Polly peeped over her cousin's shoulder and dropped the basket of blackberries.

There, sitting on the ground, enjoying the lunch immensely was—not an ogre nor a tiger—but a big brown bear! He was holding the jam-pot in his paws and licking it with great relish. When he saw the two girls he put down the pot and scrambled to his feet.

"O-o-o!" cried Polly.

"O-o!" echoed Agnes. "Quick, Polly, get up that tree! Here, I'll boost you. Quick!"

Polly didn't waste a second. She ran to the tree Agnes pointed out and caught hold of the lowest branch. Agnes pushed her up and then with Polly pulling, managed to get up beside her.

"Where is he?" Polly whispered.

"There," said Agnes pointing to the place where they had stood a moment before and where Polly had dropped the basket of berries. He was examining it in a very solemn manner and soon began to help himself to the contents.

"He might be eating us up this very minute," Polly observed shiveringly. "Dear, dear, what shall we do now? I hope he can't climb or that the lunch was enough for him. Perhaps we had better call for help. Somebody may be around."

"It might attract the bear's attention," Agnes cautioned. "Perhaps he doesn't know where we are."

Mr. Bruin put them right on this, however, for after he had finished the berries he went over to the tree and looked up in the same inquisitive manner with which he had examined the basket. Polly and Agnes scrambled to a higher branch in a great hurry.

When they looked down again Mr. Bruin had hold of the lower branch and was slowly pulling himself up!

"Let's call!" cried Agnes desperately. "Help! Help! Help!"

"Help! Help! Police!" shouted Polly. "Go 'way, bear! Sho!"

The unwelcome intruder paused as if surprised at the sudden noise and Polly and Agnes shouted again as loud as ever they could.

To their relief some one answered and soon a swarthy-looking man came into sight.

"Here, here, you come-a off from-a da Senoirettas. You hear-a me, Guisippe!" he shouted.

The bear let himself down again with a sigh, and soon the man had a collar around his neck.

"He no-a da hurt-a da Senoirettas. He follow da crumbs da Senoirettas drop in de wood." So saying the man lead Guisippe away while the girls climbed out of the tree.

"Well I never!" said Agnes. "And he's gone and eaten all our lunch and the berries, too!"

"Yes, but it was an adventure, and I'd choose to go hungry to have one," said venturesome Polly.

Agnes laughed.

"You can have my share of any more adventures like this one," she said.

A Wise Boy.

LITTLE Julian has already decided that he will be a doctor. In talking over the matter one day his father rather facetiously asked whether Julian intended to adopt a special line, inasmuch as that was the way to make a lot of money in medicine.

"I think I shall," replied Julian gravely. "What do you think of specializing in airplane accidents, dad? There ought to be a great future in that line."

Mother Goose, Linguist.

MARY'S mother was improving the shining hours with a little French conversation, which Mary, aged four, was finding somewhat irksome. To some remark, her mother replied, "Oui, oui," at which Mary said, in an exasperated tone: "Don't talk that pig talk to me."

"That isn't pig talk, dear; its——"

'Yes it is, too, mother. That's just what the little pig said all the way home."

A New Factor to Reckon With.

"WOULD you rather have these three bags with two apples in each bag, or two bags with three apples in each bag?" a teacher asked a pupil.

Whereupon to the great surprise of the teacher, the lad replied:

"Three bags with two apples in each bag."

"Why?"

"Because there'd be one more bag to bust!"

A Question.

"AND what do you propose to do now, William?" asked the father of the son who had just come home from college.

"Oh," yawned the optimistic young man, "I think I'll go over to New York and look for a position at 5,000 per—you understand—5,000 per."

"Oh, yes," said the old man. "I understand. Five thousand—perhaps."

A Wise Cop.

JACKIE—"Does your pop know anything about music, Tommy?"

Tommy (whose father is a policeman)—"Om, yes; I just heard him tell another policeman how many bars there are to a beat."

Rapid Change.

WHAT word which means together will, if the two middle letters change places, mean apart?

Answer: United. Untied.

THIS GIRL IS A WONDER

Do you want more money than you ever possessed? If so, learn to make nut and fruit bonbons—the business will net you $90.00 to $300.00 per month. You can work from your own home; all who sample your bonbons become regular customers. You start by investing less than $10.00 for supplies. Mary Elizabeth started her candy kitchen with $5.00 and has made a fortune. Cannot you do likewise? I will tell you all about the business and help you start, so you can become independent. Now is the psychological time to make big money, as sugar is cheaper and fine bonbons command phenomenal prices. Write to-day. Isabelle Inez, 314 Morewood Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Adv.

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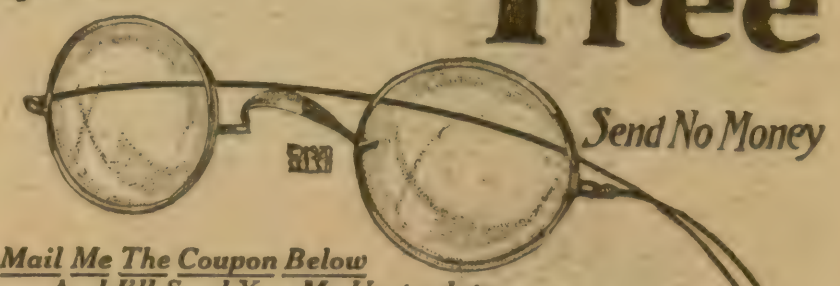

Send No Money

Mail Me The Coupon Below
And I'll Send You My Up-to-date
Large-Size Perfect-Vision Spectacles Free

Friend:—I am putting on the market a very remarkable spectacle, the like of which you've surely heard about but never seen before. The spectacles I am going to send you are not the ordinary small kind which narrow down your vision, but are the latest up-to-date, extra-large-size style of spectacles which are made to cover every part of the human eye, so that you get the most perfect vision through them for reading or looking away off in the distance, and you can keep them on all day long if you like without suffering any headaches or eye-pains whatever.

But you know the old saying, "seeing is believing," and that is the reason why I am making you this very special advertising offer. This is all I ask you to do: Just fill out the coupon at the bottom of this advertisement and send it to me without a cent of money, and I will immediately mail you a pair of my handsome 10-karat gold-filled, **large-size** "Perfect Vision" spectacles, to try in your own home fully ten days without sending me a cent or even a reference.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that with these **large-size** "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine you can again read the finest print in your Bible; you will find that the smallest type in your newspaper or magazine looks just as sharp and as clear to you as it ever did in your younger days. If you are fond of sewing, by hand or machine, you will be happy to notice that you can again thread your needle as easily as if it were as large-eyed as the needle held by the lady in the picture alongside hereof; they will enable you to do the finest kind of embroidery and crochet-work, with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

They Will Help You Read The Finest Print
Thread A Small-Eyed Needle Or
Shoot A Bird Off A Tree.

If you go hunting occasionally or follow other out-of-door sports, just put on this pair of **large-size** "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine, shoulder your gun and you will find you can again sight your gun as clearly as ever, take perfect aim at your game, and bring down a sparrow just as if it were as big as the hen-hawk shown on the tree in this picture; and in the evening when the shadows are gathering in the dusk, you will have no trouble to distinguish your horses from cows and other livestock away out in the pasture and as far as the eye can reach with the aid of these **large-size** "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine.

I want you to try out these spectacles for reading and sewing, or for distance; for indoors or outdoors, anyway, everyway, whichever you prefer. I want your honest opinion of them, and I will want you to speak a good word for them to your friends and neighbors after you have found that they positively fit you better than any you have ever had before, and you can honestly tell them so. That's why

I Will Send Them To You Free.

Just fill out the below coupon, and I will send you a pair of my handsome 10-karat gold-filled, **large-size** "Perfect Vision" spectacles in a velteen-lined spring-back, pocket-book spectacle case, for you to try on your own eyes in your own home fully ten days absolutely free of charge. Fill in this coupon, cut it out and mail it at once without a cent of money.

Cut Out This Coupon On This Line

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 38, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-karat, gold-filled, **large size** "Perfect Vision" spectacles, also a fine velteen-lined, spring-back, pocket-book spectacle case, without cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and three days more. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $2.15 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding, I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

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Name.....

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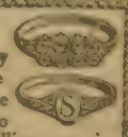
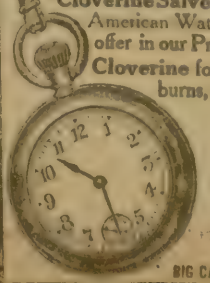
as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two Gold Shell Rings, according to offer in our Premium Catalogue which you receive with the Salve. Millions are using Cloverine for cuts, burns, etc.





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The Devil's Own

By Randall Parrish

The First Half of This Drama of Early Southern Days

LIEUTENANT STEPHEN KNOX, the narrator of the story, was on furlough in the year of our Lord 1832, going down the Mississippi from Rock Island, a fortified camp in a hostile section of Indian country, to St. Louis. He bore dispatches asking for troops to repel the threatened uprising led by Black Hawk. On board the steamship Warrior he became acquainted with

JUDGE BEAUCAIRE, a wealthy planter, living north of St. Louis, on the Missouri side. He learned form a conversation that Judge Beaucaire had two daughters,

RENE BEAUCAIRE and **ELOISE BEAUCAIRE,** one in reality his daughter, the other his granddaughter, thru the marriage of his son with a quadroon, and hence an octoroon. They were about the same age and appearance. Also on shipboard was

JOE KIRBY, a typical river gambler, who frequented the boats looking for victims of his skill and crookedness. Knox watched a card game between Beaucaire and Kirby in which the former wagered everything, including a bill of sale of all his slaves, on a poker hand consisting of four aces, against which Kirby had proceeded to show a royal flush. In the quarrel that ensued, Beaucaire dropped dead of apoplexy. Kirby, that night, in a conversation with Knox, told him sneeringly that he intended to foreclose on the octoroon girl, who had never been freed by law, and sell her down the river.

In the ensuing fight, Knox was thrown overboard by Kirby's companion. He swum to shore, and finally made his way to a cabin where a terrified negro,

FREE PETE, shot him thru the shoulder. When next he recovered consciousness ten days had passed, and he found that he was on the plantation of Judge Beaucaire. Free Pete told him of a trapper named

AMOS SHRUNK, living many miles overland, who was part of the Underground Railway—the system of posts that helped slaves escape into Canada, and at once Knox determined to warn Rene Beaucaire that she now belonged to Joe Kirby, and to help her escape into Canada. When he reached the house, however, he discovered Kirby and his bailiff in possession. Eloise and Rene's slave mother fled, leaving Rene Beaucaire alone in the mansion.

KNOX, hiding on the roof of the porch, saw Kirby threatening the girl, and stepping inside the room throttled him into unconsciousness. He took the girl away, intending to regain Free Pete, but the latter, with his conveyance, was gone. With his revolver only, he captured Kirby's boat, which was fitted with an engine, and at once the three set out, Knox, Rene Beaucaire and Sam, the negro fireman, to make the upper stretches of the river.

When morning came they managed to elude a north-plying steamship on which they thought they detected Joe Kirby, and when finally they reached the cabin of Amos Shrunk, they found his body, the body of Carver, Kirby's right hand man, and that of a mulatto woman. All evidences pointed to a murderous attack made upon Shrunk.

This story began in No. 43, the Ledger for Oct. 23. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or from newsdealers.

"Keep Your Head, Lad!" Roared a Heavy Voice. "Hang on Now, an' We'll Get You."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRAIL OF THE RAIDERS.

SHOCKED and unmanned as I was at this discovery, to pause there staring at those grewsome figures would have only brought fresh alarm to the two watching my every movement from the edge of the clearing. Gripping my nerves I advanced over the first body, watchful for any sign of the presence of life within the cabin. There was none—the work of the murder had been completed, and the perpetrators had fled. I saw the entire interior at a glance, the few articles of rude, handmade furniture, several overturned, the fire yet smoldering on the hearth, some broken crockery, and pewter dishes on the floor, and on every side the evidences of a fierce, brutal struggle. The dead man, with ghastly countenance upturned to the roof rafters, and the snowy beard, was undoubtedly the negro helper, Amos Shrunk. Pete's description of the appearance of the man left this identification beyond all dispute. He had been stricken down by a savage blow, which had literally crushed in one side of his head, but his dead hands yet gripped a rifle, as tho he had fallen fighting to the last.

The other man, the one lying across the threshold, had been shot, altho I did not ascertain this fact until after I turned the body over sufficiently to reveal the face. This was disfigured by the wound and covered with blood, so that the features could scarcely be seen, yet I instantly recognized the fellow—Carver. Surprised out of all control by this unexpected discovery, I steadied myself against the log wall, fully aroused to the sinister meaning of his presence. To a degree the complete significance of this tragedy instantly gripped my mind. If this fellow Carver had been one of the assailants, then it was absolutely certain that Kirby must have also been present—the leader of the attack. This inevitably meant that both men had been aboard the steamer, and later were put ashore at the mouth of the Illinois. And now, that I thought about it, why not? It was no accident, and I wondered that the possibility had never occurred to me before. The gambler naturally knew all the gossip of the river, and, beyond question, he would be aware of the reported existence of this underground station for runaway slaves. It was common talk as far down as St. Louis, and his mind would instantly revert to the possibility that the fleeing Rene might seek escape thru the assistance of Shrunk. The mysterious vanishing of the boat would serve to increase that suspicion. Even if this had not occurred to him at first, the steamer would have brought news that no keel-boat had been seen on the lower river, while the captain of the John B. Glover, or some one else on board, would have been sure to have mentioned the negro helper and suggest that he might have a hand in the affair. To follow that trail was, indeed, the most natural thing for Kirby to do.

And he had promptly accepted the chance; blindly, no doubt, and yet guided by good fortune. He had not overtaken Rene, because she was not there, but he had unexpectedly come upon other fugitives, and, even tho the encounter had cost the life of his henchman, Carver, it also resulted in the death of two men who had come between him and his prey—the negro, and the abolitionist. The scene cleared in my brain and became vivid and real. I could almost picture in detail each act of the grim tragedy. The two revengeful trackers—if there were only two engaged, for others might have been recruited on the steamer—must have crept up to the hut in the night, or early morning. Possibly Kirby had learned of some other means of approach from the direction of the big river. Anyway, the fact that Shrunk had been trapped within the cabin would indicate the final attack was a surprise. The negro might have been asleep outside, and met his death in an attempt at escape, but the old white man, finding flight impossible, had fought desperately to the last and had killed one antagonist before receiving his death blow. This was all plain enough, but what had become of Kirby, of the two women—Eloise, and the quadroon mother?

I searched the cabin without uncovering the slightest trace of their presence, or finding a single article which could be associated with them. Kirby himself must have fled the scene of the tragedy immediately—without even pausing long enough to turn his companion over to ascertain the nature of his wound. Had something occurred to frighten him? Had the fellow fled alone back to a waiting boat at the shore, perchance seriously injured himself in the melee, or had he secured the two women, and, reckless as to all else, driven them along with him to some place of concealment until they could be transported down the river? Nothing could answer these questions; no discovery enabled me to lift the veil. Uncertain what to do, or how to act, I could only return to the waiting girl and the negro and tell them what I had found.

They listened as tho scarcely comprehending, Sam uttering little moans of horror, and appearing helpless from fright, but Rene quiet, merely exhibiting her emotion in the whiteness of her face and quickened breathing. Her eyes, wide-open, questioning, seemed to sense my uncertainty. As I ended the tale and concluded with my theory as to what had occurred following the deed of blood, her quick mind asserted itself:

"But this must have happened very lately; the men were not long dead?"

"I cannot judge how long; their bodies were cold."

"Yet the fire still smouldered, you said. When do you think that steamer could have landed here?"

"Why, perhaps early last evening."

"And it has not occurred to you that the boat might have waited here while the man Kirby went ashore?"

"No; that could scarcely be true, if the steamer was transporting troops; what was it you were thinking about?"

She buried her face in her hands; then lifted it once more to mine, with a new conviction in her eyes.

"It is all dark, of course," she said slowly, "we can only guess at what happened. But to me it seems impossible that the man Kirby could have assistance. The boat we saw at the landing was not his; it must have been Pete's, and there is no evidence of any other trail leading here from the river. If, as you imagine, he knew the captain of that steamer, and some of the other men aboard were Missourians and defenders of slavery, he would have no trouble in enlisting their help to recover his runaway slaves. They would be only too glad to break up an abolitionist's nest. That is what I believe has happened; they came ashore in a party, and the steamer waited for them. Even if it was a troop boat, the captain could easily make excuses for an hour's delay."

"And you think the prisoners were taken along? Yet Kirby would not want to transport them up the river."

"As to that," she insisted, "he could not help himself. He needed to get away quickly, and there were no other means available. He could only hope to connect later with some craft southbound on which to return. There are keel-boats and barges always floating down stream from the mines. He dare not remain here; that was why they were in such haste; why, they did not even wait to bury the bodies."

"You might be right," I admitted, impressed, yet not wholly convinced. "But what can we do?"

She looked at me reproachfully.

"You should not ask that of a girl."

The words stung me.

"No; this is my task. I was thoughtlessly cruel. Neither can we remain here, only long enough to bury those bodies. It would be inhuman not to do that. Sam, there is an old spade leaning against the cabin wall—go over and get it."

"Ah ain't goin' fer ter tetch no daid man, sah."

"I'll attend to that; all you need do is dig. Over there at the edge of the wood will answer, and we shall have to place all three in one grave—we can do no more."

He started on his mission reluctantly enough, glancing constantly backward over his shoulder to insure himself of our presence, and carefully avoiding any approach to the open door.

"Am I to simply remain here?" the girl asked, as I took the first step to follow him. "Can I not be of some help?"

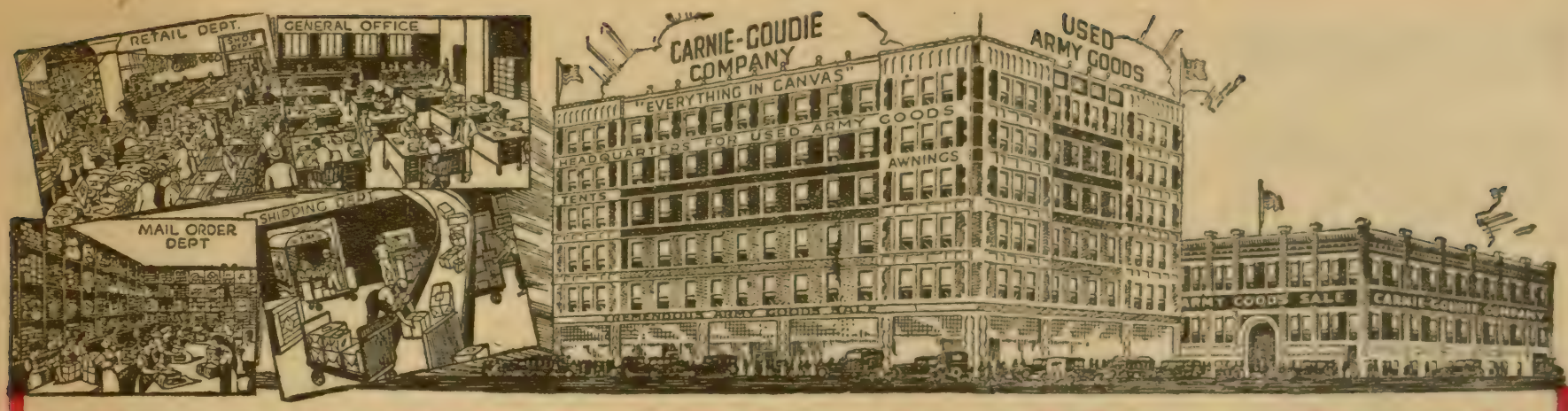
"I think not; I can get along very nicely. It is not a pleasant sight inside. Here is the best place for you, as it might not be safe for you to go any further away. We do not know positively where those men have gone. They might be hiding somewhere in the woods. You can turn away and face the forest, so as to see nothing. We shall not be long."

"And—and," she faltered, "what will be done after that?"

"I will endeavor to think out some plan. I confess I do not yet know whot will be best. To remain here is, of course, impossible, while to return down the river means certain capture. Perhaps you may be able to suggest something."

Unpleasant as our task was, it proved to be less difficult of accomplishment than I had anticipated. There were blankets in the cabin bunks, and in these I wrapped the bodies. They were too heavy, however, for me to transport alone, and it required some threatening to induce Sam to give me the assistance necessary to deposit them in the shallow grave. Only the fear that I would not have him with us longer compelled him joining me. He was more frightened at the thought of being left alone than of contact with the dead. In bearing Pete's body from where it lay in the woods, we were compelled to pass by near where Rene sat, but she kept her eyes averted, and I experienced no desire to address her with empty words. Sam filled in the loose earth, rounding it into form, and the two of us stood above the fresh mound, our bent heads bared to the sunlight, while I endeavored to repeat brokenly a few words of prayer. As I finally turned gladly away, it was to note that the girl had risen to her feet and stood motionless, with face toward us. Her attitude and expression is still in memory the one clear remembrance of the scene. My inclination was to join her at once, but I knew that the negro would never enter the cabin alone, and now our first necessity was food. Of this I found a fair supply, and, compelling him to assist me, we hastily prepared a warm meal over the open fire. It was eaten without, no one of desiring to remain in the midst of that scene of death; and the very knowledge that the dreaded burial was completed and that

(Continued on Page 16.)



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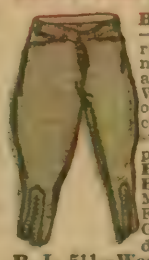

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Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

(Continued From Page 14.)

we were now free to depart, brought to all of us a renewed courage.

The sun was high in the heavens by this time, the golden light brightening the little clearing and dissipating the gloom of the surrounding forest. All suspicion that the murderer, or murderers, might still remain in the immediate neighborhood of their crime had entirely deserted my mind. Where, and by what means, they had fled could not be determined, but I felt assured they were no longer near by. I had sought in vain for any other path than the one we had followed from the mouth of the creek, while the suggestion which Rene had advanced, that the steamer had tied up to the shore, permitting the raiding party to land, grew more and more plausible to my mind. It scarcely seemed probable than one man alone, or even two men, had committed this crime, and the sole survivor disappear so completely with the prisoners. I had turned each detail over and over in my thought, while I worked, yet to but little purpose. The only present solution of the problem seemed to be our return to that hidden basin where our boat lay, and the remaining there in concealment until the darkness of another night rendered it safe to once more venture upon the river. Perhaps during those intervening hours, we might, by conferring together, decide our future course; some new thought might guide us in the right direction, or some occurrence drive us into definite action.

I spoke of this to her, as I finally approached where she rested on the stump, eager and glad to escape from all memories of that somber cabin I had just left. She stood before me, listening quietly, her eyes lifting to my face, as tho she sought to read there the exact meaning of my words.

"You—you are no longer so confident," she said, "your plan has failed?"

"I am afraid it has," I admitted "for it was based altogether on the assistance of Amos Shrunk. He is no longer alive, and I do not know where to turn for guidance. There would seem to be danger in every direction; the only question is—in which way lies the least?"

"You begin to regret your attempt to aid me?"

"No," impulsively. "So far as that goes, I would do it all over again. Your safety means more to me now than ever before—you must believe that."

"Why should I? All I have brought you is trouble. I can read in your face how discouraged you are. You must not think I do not understand. I do understand—perfectly. I can see how all this has happened. You cannot really care. What you have done has been only a response to impulse; merely undertaken thru a spirit of adventure. Then—then why not let it end here, and—Sam and I can go on to—to whatever is before us? It is nothing to you."

"You actually believe I would consent to that?" I asked, in startled surprise at the vehemence of her words. "That I could prove such a cur?"

"But why not? It would not be a cowardly act at all. I could not blame you, for I have no claim on your service—never have had. You have done a thousand times too much already; you have risked honor, reputation, and neglected duty to aid my escape; and—and I am nothing to you—can be nothing."

"Nothing to me!"

"Certainly not. Why speak like that? Have you forgotten again that I am a slave—a negress? Think, Lieutenant Knox, what it would mean to you to be caught in my company; to be overtaken while attempting to assist me in escaping from my master. Now no one dreams of such a thing, and no one ever need dream. You have had your adventure; let it end here. I shall be grateful to you always, but—but I cannot bear to drag you deeper into this mire."

"You order me to leave you?"

"I cannot order; I am a slave. My only privilege is to request, urge, implore. I can merely insist that it will be best—best for us both—for you to go. Surely you also must realize that this is true?"

"I do not know exactly what I realize," I said doubtfully. "Nothing seems altogether clear in my mind. If I could leave you in safety, in the care of friends, perhaps I should not hesitate—but now——"

"Am I any worse off than the others?" she interrupted. "I, at least, have yet the chance of escape, while they remain helplessly in Kirby's clutches. When—when I think of them, I no longer care about myself; I—I feel almost responsible for their fate, and—and it would kill me to know that I had dragged you down also. You have no right to sacrifice yourself for such as I."

"You have been brooding over all this," I said gently, "sitting here alone, and thinking while we worked. I am not going to answer you now. There is no need. Nothing can be done until night, whatever we decide upon. You will go back with us to the boat?"

"Yes; I simply cannot stay here," her eyes wandering toward the cabin.

I took the lead on the return, finding the path easy enough to follow in the full light of day. The sincere honesty of her plea—the knowledge that she actually meant it—only served to draw me closer, to strengthen my determination not to desert. Her face was ever before me as I advanced—a bravely pathetic face, wonderfully womanly in its girlish contour—appealing to every impulse of my manhood. I admitted the truth of what she said—it had been largely love of adventure, the rash recklessness of youth, which had brought me here. But this was my inspiration no longer. I had begun to realize that something deeper, more worthy, now held me to the task. What this was I made no attempt to analyze—possibly I did not dare—but, nevertheless, the mere conception of deserting her in the midst of this wilderness was too utterly repugnant for expression. No, not that; whatever happened, it would never be that.

The last few rods of our journey lay thru thick underbrush, and beneath the spreading branches of interlacing trees. It was a gloomy, primitive spot, where no evidence of man was apparent. Suddenly I emerged upon the bank of the creek, with the rude log wharf directly before me. I could hear in that silence the sound of those following, as they continued to crunch a passage thru the thicket, but I stopped transfixed, staring at the water—nothing else greeted my eyes; both the boats were gone.

CHAPTER XVII.
WE FACE DISASTER.

THIS unexpected discovery came to me like a blow; the very breath seemed to desert my lungs, as I stared down at the vacant stream. We had been outgeneraled, tricked, and all our theories as to what had occurred were wrong. The duty we had performed to the dead had cost us our own chance to escape. Instead of being alone, as we had supposed, we were in the midst of enemies; we had been seen, watched, and while we loitered ashore, the murderers had stolen our boat and vanished, leaving us there helplessly marooned. All this was plain enough now, when it was already too late to remedy the evil. The struggling girl emerged thru the tangle of shrubs, and paused suddenly at my side, her lips giving utterance to a cry of surprise.

"The—the boat! It is not here?"

"No; there is not a sign of it. Those fellows must be still in the neighborhood; must have seen us when we first came."

"But what are we to do?"

I had no ready answer, yet the echo of utter despair in her voice stirred me to my own duty as swiftly as tho she had thrust a knife into my side. Do? We must do something! And to decide what was to be attempted was my part. If Kirby, and whoever was with him, had stolen the missing boat, as undoubtedly they had, they could have possessed but one purpose—escape. They were inspired to the act by a desire to get away, to flee from the scene of their crime. They must believe that we were left helpless, unable to pursue them, or create alarm. Yet if it was Kirby, why had he fled so swiftly, making no effort to take Rene captive also? It was she he was seeking; for the purpose of gaining possession of her these murders had been committed. Why, then, should he run away when he must have known the girl was already in his grasp? The same thought apparently occurred to her.

"You—you believe that Kirby did this?"

"What other conclusion is possible? We know that he passed us on the steamer—Sam saw him plainly. It was his man, Carver, whom we found dead in the hut. It could have been no one else."

"But," she questioned, unsatisfied, "he would have only one reason for being here—hunting me, his slave. That was his one purpose, was it not? If he saw us, then he must have known of my presence, that I was here with you. Why should he make no attempt to take me with him? Why should he steal our boat and run away?"

I shook my head, my glance shifting toward the negro, who stood just behind us, his mouth wide open, evidently smitten speechless.

"One theory is as good as another," I said, "and mine so far have all been wrong. What do you make of it, Sam?"

"Who, sah? Me, sah?"

"Yes, take a guess at this."

"'Pears like," he said, deliberately, rubbing his ear with one hand, "as how it mought hav' happened dis yere way, sah. Ah ain't a' sayin' it wus, it mought be. Maybe Massa Kirby nebber got no sight of us 'tall, an' wus afeerd fer ter stay. He just know'd a party wus yere—likely 'nough sum Black Abolitionists, who'd be huntin' him if he din't cl'ar out, just so soon as dey foun' dat Amos Shrunk wus ded. Her' wus his chance, an' he done took it."

"Yet he would surely recognize the boat?"

"Yas, sah; Ah reckon he wud, sah. Dat's de truth, whut stumps me. Dat white man am certenly full o' tricks. Ah sure wish Ah know'd whah he wus

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now. Ah'd certenly feel a heap easier if Ah did." He bent suddenly forward, his glance at the edge of the log. "Dey ain't took but just de one boat, sah, fer de odder am shoved under dar out'r sight."

As I stooped further over I saw that this was true, the small rowboat, with the oars undisturbed in its bottom, had been pressed in beneath the concealment of the log wharf, almost completely hidden from above, yet to all appearances uninjured. The very fact that it should have been thus left only added to the mystery of the affair. If it had been Kirby's deliberate purpose to leave us there stranded ashore, why had he failed to crush in the boat's planking with a rock? Could the leaving of the craft in fit condition for our use be part of some carefully conceived plan; a bait to draw us into some trap? Or did it occur merely as an incident of their hurried flight? These were unanswerable questions, yet the mere knowledge that the boat was actually there and in navigable condition, promised us an opportunity to escape. While hope remained, however, it was not my nature to despair. Whether accident or design had been the cause, made no odds—I was willing to match my wits against Kirby and endeavor to win. And I must deal with facts, just as they were.

"It is my guess," I said, "that their only thought was to get away before the crime was discovered. The leaving of this boat means nothing, because the steam-operated keel-boat they escaped in could never be overtaken, once they had a fair start. If Kirby was alone in this affair, and had those two women in his charge, getting away would be about all he could attend to. He'd hardly dare leave them long enough to sink this craft. But what does he know about running an engine?"

"Ah reckon as how he cud, sah, if he just had to," interposed the negro. "He wus a' foolin' mor' or les' wid dat one a' comin' up frum Saint Louee; an' he sure ask'd me a big lot o' questions. He done seemed right handy; he sure did."

"Then that probably is the explanation. Rene, would you be afraid to remain here alone for a little while?"

She glanced about into the gloom of the surrounding woods, her hesitancy answering me.

"It is not a pleasant prospect, I admit, but there is no possible danger. Kirby has gone, beyond all question, but I wish to learn, if I can, the direction he has taken. All this must have happened only a short time ago—while we were at the cabin. The keel-boat can scarcely be entirely out of sight on either river, if we could only find a place to offer us a wide view."

"But could I not go with you?"

"Hardly with me, for I intend to swim the creek and try to reach the point at the mouth of the Illinois, from where I can see up and down the Mississippi. I am going to send Sam back thru the woods there and have him climb that ridge. From the top he ought to have a good view up the valley of the Illinois. I suppose you might go with him."

"Ah sure wish yer wud, Missus," broke in the negro pleadingly. "Ah ain't perzackly feered fer ter go 'lone, but Ah's an' ol' man, an' Ah reckon as how a y'ung gal wus likely fer ter see mor'n Ah wud. 'Pears like Ah's done los' my glasses."

A faint smile lighted up her face—a mere glimmer of a smile.

"Yes, Sam, I'll go," she said, glancing up into my eyes and holding out her hand. "You wish me to, do you not?"

"I think it will be fully as well. I have some doubts as to Sam, but can absolutely trust you. Besides, there is nothing to be done here. I shall not use the boat, then, if any one does chance this way, they will find nothing disturbed. You still retain the pistol?"

She nodded her response, and without delaying my departure longer, I lowered myself into the water and swam toward the opposite shore, creeping forth amid a tangle of roots, and immediately disappearing in the underbrush. Sam had already vanished, as I paused an instant to glance back, but she lingered at the edge of the wood to wave her hand. I found a rough passage for the first few rods, being obliged to almost tear a way thru the close growth and unable to see a yard in advance. But this ended suddenly at the end of the sand flat, with the converging waters of the two rivers visible just beyond. My view from here was narrowed, however, by high ridges on both sides, and, with a desire not to expose myself to any chance eye, I followed the line of forest until able to climb the slope, and thus attain the crest of the bluff.

From this vantage point the view was extensive, both up and down the big river, as well as across to the opposite bank. For miles nothing could escape my eyes, the mighty stream sweeping majestically past where I lay, liquid silver in the sunshine. Its tremendous volume had never so impressed me as in that moment of silent observation, nor had I ever realized before its sublime desolation. Along that entire surface but three objects met my gaze—a small island, green with trees, seemingly anchored just beyond the mouth of the Illinois; a lumbering barge almost opposite me, clearly outlined against the distant shore, and barely moving with the current; and far away below a thin smudge of smoke., arising from behind a headland, as tho curling upward from the stack of some steamer. I watched this closely, until convinced the craft was bound down stream and moving swiftly. The smudge became a mere wisp and finally vanished entirely. I waited some time for the vessel to appear at the lower end of the bend, but it was then only a speck, scarcely distinguishable. I felt no doubt but what this was the stolen keel-boat, speeding toward St. Louis.

ARMED, as I believed, with this knowledge that Kirby had actually fled, beyond any possibility of doing us any further injury, I did not hurry my return, but remained for some time on the bluff, watching those rushing waters, and endeavoring to outline some feasible plan for the coming night. With this final disappearance of the gambler we were left free to proceed, and it seemed to me with no great danger of arousing suspicion, so long as we exercised reasonable precautions. The girl to all appearances was white; no one would ever question that, particularly as she possessed sufficient intelligence and refinement to thus impress any one she might meet. If necessary we might travel as man and wife, with Sam as our servant. Our means of travel would attract no particular attention in that country—the edge of the wilderness; it was common enough. This struck me as the most reasonable course to pursue—to work our way quietly up the Illinois by night, keeping close in shore to avoid any passing steamer, until we arrived close to Beardstown. There, if necessary, we might begin our masquerade, but it need not be a long one. Undoubtedly there were blacks in the town, both slaves and free negroes, with whom Sam could easily establish an acquaintance. By this means we would soon be able to identify that particular preacher into whose care I hoped to confide Rene. Of course, the girl might refuse to enter into the game, might decline to assume the role assigned her, however innocent I intended it to be—indeed, I felt convinced she would meet the suggestion with indignation. But why worry about that now? Let this be kept as a last resort. There was no necessity for me to even mention this part of my plan until after our approach to Beardstown; then the necessity of our going forward with it might be so apparent, she could not refuse to carry out her part. With this point thus settled in my own mind I felt ready to rejoin the others.

I must have been absent in the neighborhood of two hours, and they had returned to the bank of the creek some time in advance of me. As I appeared at the edge of the wood, Sam hailed, offering to row the boat across.

"All right," I replied, confident we were alone. "It will save me another wetting. You saw nothing?"

"No, sah; leastways, not much," busily fitting the oars into the rowlocks. "We cud see up de Illinois mor'n ten mile, Ah reckon, but dar wan't no boat nowhar, 'cepting an ol' scow tied up ter de bank."

"I thought so. The keel-boat has gone down the Mississippi."

"Yer done saw her, sah?"

"I saw her smoke; she was hidden by a big bend just below. Don't sit there staring at me—come across."

Rene greeted me with a smile, as I scrambled up on the slippery log, and asked a number of questions. I answered these as best I could and then explained, so far as I deemed it desirable, the general nature of the plans I had made. Both she and the listening negro in the boat below agreed that the safer course for us to choose led up the Illinois, because every mile traversed in that direction brought us nearer the goal sought, and among those who were the enemies of slavery. To proceed northward along the Mississippi would only serve to plunge us into an unbroken wilderness, already threatened by Indian war, while to venture down that stream meant almost certain capture. The Illinois route offered the only hope.

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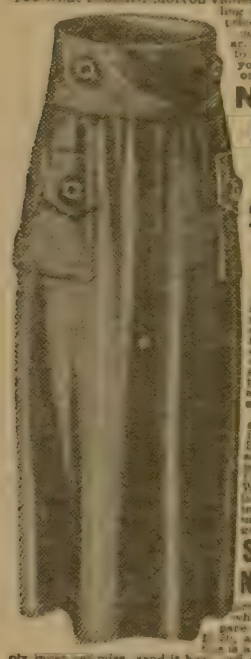

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Name.....

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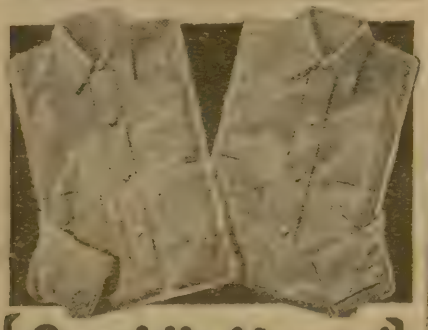

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Two highest quality, gray flannel shirts sent to you **without one penny in advance.** Save more than $3 on this amazing, direct-to-wearer bargain offer! These splendid shirts just the thing for work, business and sport. **Only a limited stock at this profit-smashing sale price.** Send today.

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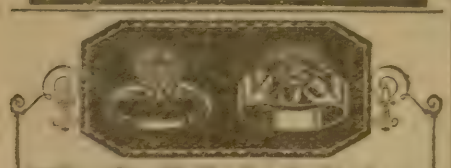

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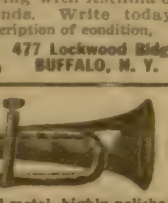

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and we decided to venture it, altho Rene pleaded earnestly that she and the negro be permitted to go on alone. To this suggestion, however, I would not consent, and the girl finally yielded her reluctant permission for me to accompany them until she could be safely left in the care of white friends.

She took anxious part in our discussion, bravely endeavoring to hide the anguish she felt, yet I knew her real thought was elsewhere—with those two in Kirby's hands, already well on their way to St. Louis. Try as she would she was unable to banish from her mind the conception that she was largely to blame for their misfortune, or submerge the idea that it was cowardly in her to seek escape, while leaving them in such peril. I lingered, talking with her for some time after Sam had fallen asleep, yet the only result was the bringing of tears to her eyes and a reluctantly given pledge that she would do whatever I believed to be best and right. The girl was not wholly convinced by my argument, but no other course of action seemed open to her. She appeared so tired and worn that I left her at last in the little glade where we had found refuge, hoping she might fall asleep. I doubt if she did, altho I dozed irregularly, my back against a tree, and it was already growing dusk when she came forth again from her retreat, and joined us in a hastily prepared meal.

Sam and I stowed away in the boat whatever provender remained, and I assisted her to a seat at the stern, wrapping a blanket carefully about her body, for the night air in those dank shadows already began to chill. I took possession of the oars myself, believing the negro would serve best as a lookout in the bow, and, thus settled, we headed the boat out thru the tangle of trees toward the invisible river. The silent gloom of night shut about us in an impenetrable veil, and we simply had to feel our slow way to the mouth of the creek, Sam calling back directions, and pressing aside the branches that impeded progress. I sat facing the motionless girl, but could barely distinguish her shapeless form, wrapped in the blanket; and not once did her voice break the stillness. The night hung heavy; not even the gentle ripple of water disturbed the solemn silence of our slow progress.

Suddenly we shot out thru the screen of concealing boughs into the broader stream beyond, and I struggled hastily to swerve the boat's bow upward against the current. The downward sweep of the water at this point was not particularly strong, the main channel being some distance further out, and we were soon making perceptible progress. The light here in the open was better, altho dim enough still, and revealing little of our surroundings. All was wrapped in gloom along shore, and beyond the radius of a few yards no objects could be discerned. The river itself swept past us, a hidden mystery. Sam knelt on his knees, peering eagerly forward into the blackness, an occasional growl of his voice the only evidence of his presence. I doubt if I had taken a dozen strokes, my whole attention centered on my task, when the sudden rocking of the boat told me he had scrambled to his feet. Almost at the same instant my ears distinguished the sharp chugging of an engine straight ahead; then came his shout of alarm, "God, A'mighty! Dar's the keel-boat, sah. Dey's goin' fer ter ram us!"

I twisted about in my seat, caught a vague glimpse of the advancing shadow, and leaped to my feet, an oar gripped in my hands. Scarcely was I poised to strike, when the speeding prow ripped into us, and I was catapulted into the black water.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LOSS OF RENE.

THERE was the echo of an oath, a harsh, cruel laugh; the crash of planking; a strange, half-human cry of fright from the negro—that was all. The sudden violence of the blow must have hurled me high into the air, for I struck the water clear of both boats, and so far out in the stream that when I came again struggling to the surface, I was in the full sweep of the current, against which I had to struggle desperately. In the brief second that intervened between Sam's shout of warning and the crash of the two boats, I had seen almost nothing—only that black, menacing hulk, looming up between us and the shore, more like a shadow than a reality. Yet, now, fighting to keep my head above water, and not to be swept away, I was able to realize instantly what had occurred. I had been mistaken; Kirby had not fled down the river; instead he had craftily waited this chance to attack us at a disadvantage. Convinced that we would decide to make use of the rowboat, which he had left uninjured for that very purpose, and that we would venture forth just so soon as the night became dark enough, he had hidden the stolen craft in some covert along shore to await our coming. Then he sprang on us, as the tiger leaps on his prey. He had calculated well, for the blunt prow of the speeding keel-boat had struck us squarely, crushing in the sides of our frail craft and flinging me headlong.

What had become the fate of the others I could not for the moment determine. I could see little, with eyes scarcely above the surface and struggling hard to breast the sweep of the current. The darkness shadowed everything, the bulk of the keel-boat alone appearing in the distance, and that shapelessly outlined. The craft bore no light, and had it not been for a voice speaking, I doubt if I could have located even that. The rowboat could not be distinguished—it must have sunken, or else drifted away, a helpless wreck. The first sound my ears caught, echoing across the water, was an oath, and a question, "By God! a good job; do you see that fellow anywhere?"

"Naw," the response a mere growl. "He's a goner, I reckon; never knowed whut hit him, jedgin' frum the way he upended it."

"Well, then, he isn't likely to bother us any more. Suppose he was the white man?"

"Sure he wus; it wus the nigger who was up ahead. We hit him, an' he dropped in 'tween ther boats, an' went down like a stone. He never yeeped but just onct, when I furst gripped ther girl. I don't reckon as she wus hurt et all; leastwise I never aimed fer ter hurt her none."

"Not a d—d twitter; maybe she's fainted. I dunno, but that's ther way females do. What shall I do with the bird, Kirby?"

"Oh, hold on to her there awhile, long as she's quiet. I'm going to try the steam again, and get outside into the big river. H—l, man, but this hasn't been such a bad night's work. Now, if we only make it to St. Louis, we'll have the laugh on Donaldson."

"I reckon he won't laugh much," with a chuckle. "It's cost him a valuable nigger."

"You mean Sam? Yes, that's so. But I'd like to know who that other fellow was—the white one."

"Him! oh, sum abolitionist, likely; maybe one o' ol' Shrunk's gang. It's a d—d good thing fer this kintry we got him, an' I ain't worryin' none 'bout any nigger-stealer. The boat must 'er gone down, I reckon; enyhow, ther whol' side wus caved in. What's ther matter with yer engine?"

"It's all right now—keep your eyes peeled ahead."

The steam began to sizz, settling swiftly into a rhythmical chugging, as the revolving wheel began to churn up the water astern. Confident of being safely hidden by the darkness, I permitted the current to bear me downward, my muscles aching painfully from the struggle, and with no other thought in my mind except to keep well out of sight of the occupants of the boat. To be perceived by them, and overtaken in the water, meant certain death, while, if they continued to believe that I had actually sunk beneath the surface, some future carelessness on their part might yield me an unexpected opportunity to serve Rene. The few words overheard had made sufficiently plain the situation. Poor Sam had already found freedom in death, crushed between the two colliding boats, but the girl had been grasped in time, and hauled uninjured aboard the heavier craft. This had been the object of the attack—to gain possession of her. Very evidently I had not been seen, at least not closely enough to be recognized by Kirby. In a measure this afforded me a decided advantage, provided we ever encountered each other again—and I meant that we should. The account between us was not closed by this incident; far from it. There in that black water, struggling to keep afloat, while being swept resistlessly out into the river, with no immediate object before me except to remain concealed by the veil of darkness, I resolved solemnly to myself that this affair should never end until it was ended right. In that moment of decision I cared not at all for Rene Beaucaire's drop of negro blood, nor for the fact that she was a slave in her master's hands. Her appeal to me ignored all this. To my mind she was but a woman, a sweet, lovable, girlish woman, in the unrestrained power of a brute, and dependent alone on me for rescue. That was enough; I cared for nothing more.

The intense blackness hid me completely, as I held my head barely above the surface, no longer making any effort to stem the downward sweep of the stream. Conscious of being thus borne rapidly to the mouth of the river, my only endeavor was to keep afloat, and conserve my strength. The ceaseless noise of the engine told me accurately the position of the keel-boat, altho, by this time, there was a stretch of rushing water between us which prevented me even seeing the hulking shadow of the craft. Judging from the sound, however, it was easy to determine that the heavy boat was traveling much faster than I, and was steadily passing me, close in against the dense shadow of the southern shore. With silent strokes I waited patiently, until the steady chugging of the engine grew faint in the distance, and then finally ceased entirely.

I was alone in the grasp of the waters, wrapped in the night silence, both shores veiled beneath the dense shadows; every dim outline had vanished, and I realized that the swift current had already swept me into the broad Mississippi. Uncertain in that moment which way to turn, and conscious of a strange lassitude, I made no struggle to reach land, but permitted myself to be borne downward in the grip of the water. Suddenly something drifted against my body, a black, ill-defined object, tossing about on the swell of the waves, and instinctively I grasped at it, recognizing instantly the shell of our wrecked boat. It was all awash, a great hole stove in its side well forward, and so filled with water that the added weight of my body would have sunk it instantly. Yet the thing remained buoyant enough to float, and I clung to its stern, thankful even for this slight help.

There was no occasion for fear, altho I became aware that the sweep of the current was steadily bearing us further out toward the center of the broad stream, and soon felt convinced that escape from my predicament would be impossible until after daylight. I could perceive absolutely nothing by which to shape a course, the sky above and the water beneath being equally black. Not a star glimmered overhead, and no revealing spark of light appeared along either shore or sparkled across the river surface. The only sound to reach my ears was the soft lapping of water against the side of the boat to which I clung. The loneliness was complete; the intense blackness strained my eyes, and I constantly felt as tho some mysterious weight was dragging me down into the depths. Yet the struggle to keep afloat was no longer necessary, and my head sank in relief on the hands gripping at the boat's stern, while we floated silently on thru the black mystery.

I know not how long this lasted—it might have been for hours, as I took no account of time. My mind seemed dazed, incapable of consecutive thought altho a thousand illogical conceptions flashed thru the brain, each in turn fading away into another, before I was fully aware of its meaning. Occasionally some far-off noise aroused me from lethargy, yet none of these could be identified, except once the mournful cry of a wild animal far away to the right; while twice we were tossed about in whirlpools, my grip nearly dislodged before the mad water swept us again into the sturdy current. I think we must have drifted close in toward the western shore, for once I imagined I could vaguely distinguish the tops of trees outlined against the slightly lighter sky. Yet this vision was so fleeting, I dare not loosen my hold upon the boat to swim in that direction; and, even as I gazed in uncertainty, the dim outline vanished as tho it had been a dream, and we were again being forced outward into the swirling waters.

SUDDENLY the wrecked boat's bow grated against something immovable; then became fixed, the stern swinging slowly about, until it also caught, and I could feel the full volume of downpouring water pressing against my body. It struck with such force I was barely able to work my way forward along the side of the half-submerged craft in an effort to ascertain what it was blocking our progress. Yet a moment later, even in that darkness, and obliged to rely entirely upon the sense of touch, the truth of my situation became clear. The blindly floating boat had driftd upon a snag, seemingly the major portion of a tree, now held by some spit of sand. I

(Continued on Page 20.)

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Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

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Never before have prices received keener attention from buyers than at the present time. This is the natural reaction to a market readjustment after an extended period of high prices. Such careful scrutiny of values is welcomed by the merchant whose goods will stand the acid test of "price comparison."

We invite a "quality-for-quality" price comparison of the SILVERTONE with any phonograph on the market. And we are so confident of the outcome of such a comparison that we guarantee to take back without question any SILVERTONE Phonograph on which the buyer is not convinced that he has saved from 25 to 50 per cent. This offer is open to everyone. If you want to make the comparison, let us send you a SILVERTONE on our liberal two weeks' trial offer explained below. This trial will not cost you one cent nor obligate you in any way. When you receive the instrument, compare it, feature for feature, with any other phonograph on the market. If, after this comparison, you are not satisfied that "quality-for-quality" the SILVERTONE is the lowest priced instrument of its kind, simply notify us and we will take it away at our own expense. The trial will have cost you nothing.

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Manufacturing phonographs in great numbers, as we have to do in order to meet the demands of seven million customers, enables us to keep the manufacturing cost per phonograph down to the very minimum. Complete factories are devoted to the production of single parts of the SILVERTONE. We are thus able to produce these parts at much lower cost per unit than would be possible were we required to have them made up in small quantities from time to time. We buy our raw materials in such large lots that we are always able to secure rock bottom prices.

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Our economical method of distributing SILVERTONE Phonographs direct from factory to consumer makes possible still further reductions in selling prices. And there is only one profit added to the manufacturing cost.

Let us prove to you that you can save from 25 to 50 per cent by buying a SILVERTONE. Read about our liberal no-money-down trial offer which makes it easy for you to examine one of these instruments absolutely without a cent of expense to you. If you are not convinced of the truth of our claims, simply send the instrument back to us at our expense.

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Simply Sign and Mail this Coupon

Model "K Special." $4.00
Quarter Sawed Fumed Oak. A Month

Specifications.
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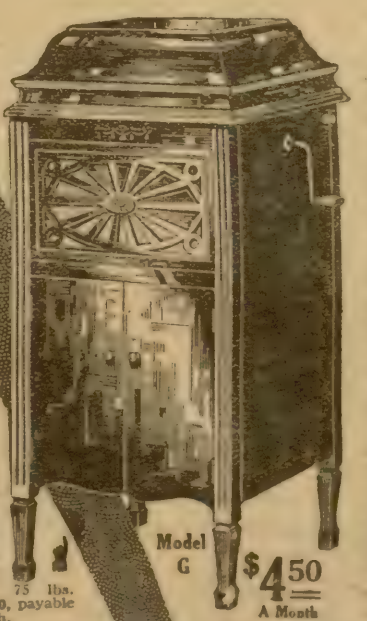
When you receive your SILVERTONE we want you to make this test:

Place the SILVERTONE alongside any other phonograph of any make or any price. Play the same record, first on one machine, then on the other. Judge for yourself which machine has the better tone. Unless you are fully convinced that the SILVERTONE has a clearer, sweeter, purer tone than any other machine, you are under no obligation to buy.



Model G $4.50
A Month
Adam Period. Mahogany, Walnut, Golden Oak, Fumed Oak.

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Model C $3.00
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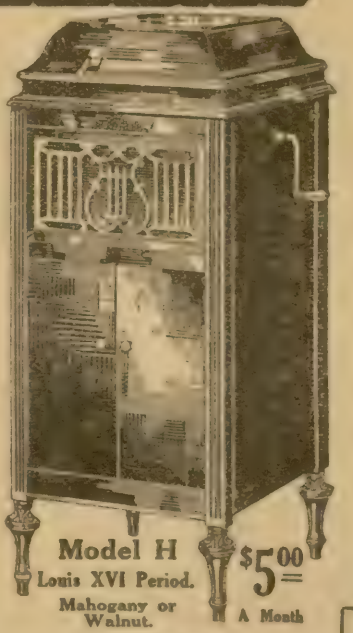
Specifications.
Height, 14 inches; width, 17 inches; depth, 20½ inches. Net weight, ready to play, about 40 pounds. Price, $55.00, payable $3.00 a month.



Model H $5.00
Louis XVI Period. Mahogany or Walnut. A Month

Specifications.
Height, 45¾ inches; width, 20 inches; depth, 22 inches. Net weight, ready to play, about 75 pounds. Price, $135.00, payable $5.00 a month.

Model J $6.00
Louis XV Period. Mahogany, Walnut or Fumed Oak. Gold Plated Metal Parts. A Month

Specifications.
Height, 46¼ inches; width, 21 inches; depth, 21¼ inches. Net weight, ready to play, about 85 pounds. Price, $165.00, payable $6.00 a month.

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The SILVERTONE convertible tone arm is so constructed that it permits the playing of any make of disc record, either vertical or lateral cut. It is almost as easy to adjust the reproducer for different types of records as it is to change needles.

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Select any SILVERTONE Phonograph shown on this page, refer to the list of Silvertone records given below and check any number of selections you desire, fill in the order blank and mail it to Sears, Roebuck and Co. today. We will ship SILVERTONE Phonograph and records on two weeks' trial. You take absolutely no risk, nor do you obligate yourself in any way by taking a SILVERTONE on trial. All we ask you to do is to give the phonograph a thorough test. Examine its mechanical features, cabinet work, workmanship and finish. Try it with the Silvertone records, or any other disc record you desire, and note its beauty of tone and fidelity of reproduction. Give it every test necessary to prove the truth of our claims for it. And then compare the price of the SILVERTONE with that of any other phonograph of the same size, beauty and musical excellence. You are to be the sole judge of SILVERTONE quality and value.

If, at the end of two weeks' trial, you are not fully satisfied with the SILVERTONE, if you do not believe that it is in every way the equal of any phonograph on the market selling at prices from 25 to 50 per cent higher than the SILVERTONE, simply notify us and we will take away the phonograph and records at our own expense and will return any transportation and cartage charges you have paid. The two weeks' test will not have cost you one cent, nor placed you under any obligation.

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If, after two weeks' trial, you are fully satisfied with the SILVERTONE and desire to keep it, simply add the price of the records you have selected to the price of the phonograph and send us this amount in equal monthly payments until the total is paid. The amount of the monthly payment on each instrument is shown under the illustrations.

The records you order with the SILVERTONE do not increase the amount of monthly payment. The price of the records is simply added to the price of the phonograph and the whole amount paid at the monthly rate quoted under the illustration of the instrument you select.

Compare our terms with those offered on any other phonograph of the same high quality. The small monthly payment required on even the highest priced models makes it easy for you to own a really fine instrument without incurring a heavy financial burden. You can enjoy your phonograph to the utmost while paying for it.

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are made for and sold exclusively by Sears, Roebuck and Co. They are 10-inch double disc records and are made by artists of well known ability and reputation. The list below comprises the most popular vocal, instrumental, dance and other records of recent production and offers a selection from which you can choose a comprehensive repertoire for trial with your SILVERTONE Phonograph.

Silvertone records will play on any disc phonograph, no matter what kind, no special attachment of any kind being necessary, except with the Edison or Pathe.

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Silvertone Records Check the records you want by placing a cross (X) in the squares provided for the purpose and detach this list, with the order blank at the right, and mail both to Sears, Roebuck and Co.

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☐	**Oh! What a Pal Was Mary.** Chas. Hart, tenor. **Beautiful Ohio.** Geo. W. Ballard, tenor.	5040 10-in. 69c
☐	**Mickey.** Henry Burr, tenor. **How 'Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?** Byron G. Harlan, tenor.	5014 10-in. 69c
☐	**Silver Threads Among the Gold.** Harry McClaskey, tenor. **The Rosary.** Henry Burr, tenor.	5041 10-in. 69c
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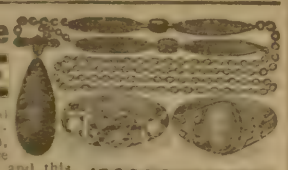

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(Continued From Page 18.)

struggled vainly in an attempt to release the grip which held us, but the force of the current had securely wedged the boat's bow beneath a limb—a bare, leafless tentacle—making all by efforts useless. The ceaseless water rippled about me, the only sound in the silent night, and, despairing of any escape, I found a submerged branch on which to stand, gripped the boat desperately to prevent being swept away and waited for the dawn.

It seemed a long while coming, and never did man gaze on a more dismal, ghastly scene than was revealed to me by those first gray gleams dimly showing in the far east. All about stretched utter desolation; wherever my eyes turned, the vista was the same—a wide stretch of restless, brown water surging and leaping past, bounded by low-lying shores, forlorn and deserted. There was no smoke, no evidence of life anywhere visible, no sign of habitation; all was wilderness. The snag on which I rested was nearly in the center of the great river, and ugly mass of dead wood, sodden with water, forking out of the stream, with grotesque limbs thrust up into the air. The force of the current had driven the nose of the boat so firmly beneath one branch as to sink it below the surface, making it impossible to be freed. In the dull light I struggled hopelessly to extricate the craft, my feet slipping on the water-soaked log. Twice I fell into the stream, barely able to clamber back again, but my best efforts were without results. The increase in light gave me by this time a wider view of my surroundings, but brought with it no increase of hope. I was utterly alone, and only by swimming could I attain either bank.

How far I had aimlessly drifted down stream during the night was a mere matter of conjecture. I possessed no knowledge of where I was. No familiar object along the shore afforded any clew as to my position, and I could not even determine which bank offered me the greater chance of assistance. Each appeared about equally bare and desolate, entirely devoid of promise. However, I chose the west shore for my experiment, as the current seemed less strong in that direction, and was about to plunge in, determined to fight a way across, when my eyes suddenly detected a faint wreath of smoke curling up into the pale sky above a headland far to the southward. As I stared at this it became black and distinct, tossed about in the wind. I watched intently, clinging to my support, scarcely trusting my eyesight, while that first wisp deepened into a cloud, advancing toward me. There was no longer doubt of what it was—unquestionably some steamer was pushing its course up stream. Even before my ears could detect the far-off chug of the engine, the boat itself rounded the sharp point of the headland, and came forth into full view, heading out toward the middle of the river in a search for deeper water.

It was an unusually large steamboat for those days, a lower river packet I guessed, with two funnels painted yellow, and a high pilot-house, surmounted by a huge brazen eagle. At first, approaching me, bow on, I could perceive but little of its dimensions, nor gain clear view of the decks, but when it veered slightly these were revealed, and I had a glimpse of a few figures grouped forward, the great wheel astern splashing the water, and between a long row of windows reflecting the glare of the early sun. Even as I gazed at this vision a flag crept up the slender staff at the bow, and reaching the top rippled out in the crisp breeze. A moment later I deciphered the lettering across the white front of the pilot-house: Adventurer of Memphis.

Indifferent at the moment as to where the approaching boat might be bound, or my reception on board; desirous only of immediate escape from my unfortunate predicament, I managed to remove my sodden coat, and furiously wave it in the air as a signal. At first there was no response, no evidence that I had even been seen; then slowly, deliberately, the steamer changed its course, and came straight up the river, struggling against the full strength of the current. I could see a man step from out the pilot-house onto the upper forward deck, lean out over the rail and speak to the others below, pointing toward me across the water. A half-dozen grouped themselves at the bow, ready for action, their figures growing more sharply defined as the struggling craft approached. The man above stood shading his eyes with one hand and gesticulating with the other. Finally the sound of his voice reached me.

"Hey! you out there! If you can swim, jump for it. I'm not going to run into that snag."

I measured the distance between us with my eye, and leaped as far out as possible, striking out with lusty strokes. The swift current swung me about like a chip, and swept me downward in spite of every struggle. I was squarely abreast of the boat, already caught in her suction, and being drawn straight in toward her wheel, when the looped end of a flying noose struck my shoulder.

"Keep your head, lad!" roared out a hoarse voice. "Hang on now, n' we'll get yer."

It was such a rush, such a breathless, desperate struggle, I can scarcely recall the details. All I really remember is that I gripped the rope, and clung; was dragged under again and again; was flung against the steamer's side, seemingly losing all consciousness, yet dimly realizing that outstretched hands grasped me, and lifted me up by main strength to the narrow footway, dropping me there in the pool of water oozing from my clothes. Some one spoke, lifting my head on his arm, in answer to a hail from above.

"Yes, he's all right, sir; just a bit groggy. What'll we do with him?"

"Bring him along up to Haines' cabin, and get him the old suit in my room. You might warm him up with a drink first. You tend to it, Mapes."

The liquor I drank out of a bottle burnt like fire, but brought me new strength, so that, with Mapes' help, I got to my feet, and stared about at the group of faces surrounding us. They were those of typical river men, two negroes and three whites, ragged, dirty, and disreputable. Mapes was so bushily bearded that about all I could perceive of his face was the eyes, yet these were intelligent, and I instantly picked him out as being the mate.

"How long yer all bin roostin' on thet snag?" he questioned, evidently somewhat amused. "Dern me, stranger, if I ever see thet sorter thing done afore."

"I was caught there last night," I answered, unwilling to say more. "Boat got snagged in the dark, and went down."

"Live round here, I reckon?"

"No; just floating. Came down the Illinois. Where is this steamer bound?"

"H—l alone knows," dryly. "Yeller Banks furst, enyhow; we're loaded with supplies."

"Supplies! For Yellow Banks?" in surprise. "Why, what's going on there? My friend, there aren't ten families within a hundred miles of that place."

Mapes laughed, his mouth opening like a red gash, exhibiting a row of yellow fangs.

"No, I reckon not; but thar's a h—l ov a lot o' fellers thar whut ain't families, but kin eat. Didn't yer know, pardner, thar's a right smart war on? thet the Illinoy militia is called out, an' is a marchin' now fer Yellow Banks? They're liable fer ter be thar, too, afore ever this d—n scow makes it, if we hav' ter stop an' pick eny mor' blame fools outer the river. Come on, let's go up."

"Wait a minute. This is an Indian war? Black Hawk has broken loose?"

"Sure; raised perticular h—l. We heerd down et Saint Louee he'd killed 'bout a hundred whites, an' burned sum ov 'em—ther ol' devil."

"And where is he now?"

"Dunno; never wus up in yer afore. We bin runnin' 'tween Saint Louee an' New Orleans, 'till the Gov'ment took us. Maybe the captain kin tell yer—sumwhar up Rock River, I reckon, wharever that is."

We climbed the steep steps to the upper deck, and were met at the head of the ladder by the captain, evidently desirous of looking me over. He was a solidly-built individual, wearing white side-whiskers, and a bulbous nose, and confronted me not altogether pleasantly.

"All right, are you? Water pretty cold yet, I reckon. Been sticking on that snag for long?"

"Several hours; but my boat was wrecked before we lodged there."

The captain laughed, and winked aside at the mate.

"Seems to be a mighty populous river up this way, hey, Mapes?" he remarked genially. "Castaways round every bend."

"What do you mean? Have you picked up others?"

"Certainly have. Hit a keel-boat twenty miles below."

"A keel-boat, operated by steam?"

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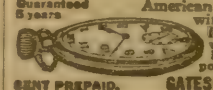

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"Couldn't say as to that. Was it, Mapes? The craft had gone down when I got on deck. Had four aboard, but we got 'em all off, an' stowed 'em back there in the texas. You better get along now, and shuck those wet clothes."

Here, indeed, is the result of the juggling of Fate. Knox on shipboard; Joe Kirby on shipboard; and Rene Beaucaire on the same vessel. But what chance has Knox of effecting the rescue of the girl? Remember—these are ante-Civil War days, and slavery was recognized as legitimate on all boats plying out from Southern landing posts.

Jungle Treasure

(Continued From Page 4)

course. You're doomed anyhow—a few hours don't cut any figure."

"That may be," Varden admitted quietly, "but I seem to have spiked your guns, at any rate. The location of the treasure is still a mystery and will continue to remain so, I guess. I'm glad of it. It is some consolation to know that all your crimes will go unrewarded."

Tho he spoke calmly and was outwardly imperturbed, the American was inwardly alive with curiosity and something very much akin to dismay. He could not understand this latest twist in events at all. He remembered Maka's deadly earnestness, not to say anxiety, of manner when he entrusted the packet to him, and it did not seem possible that the thing could be a hoax. If there was not a nigger somewhere in the woodpile, then the old wizard was one of the most accomplished actors that he—Varden—had ever met.

"All my crimes, eh!" the Eurasian repeated, chuckling as tho he saw something funny in the words. "If you knew what we'd done, old Mac and I, to get this treasure, you'd know that we're not thru yet. No; not by a mile or two. We'll have that cache some day if we have to pull this mountain to pieces to find it. For it's here somewhere, I'm mighty sure. No; we're not thru hunting the treasure, but we are thru with you and the girl. You're in our way now, you two—now that I believe that you really know nothing about the diamonds—and we'll have to quiet you. You've got a few hours of life left. Make the most of it."

"Mac," Varden repeated, seizing upon what was evidently a slip of the Eurasian's tongue. "Who is Mac?"

"Never you mind," Moreau eyed him shrewdly for an instant. Then he chuckled. "Well, why not?" he muttered, as tho thinking aloud. "The play's all over now. Mac is my pet name for my partner in crime, as I suppose you'd put it," he went on. "Dave McCloud is his full title when he's among friends, but he's been going under the name of Dad Nash for so long that he's almost forgotten it."

"Ah!" The exclamation came from Ruth. "It's true, then," she cried, in a tone of relief. "Thank God!"

"So you'd begun to guess it, had you?" Moreau demanded, turning to the girl with a puzzled look in his eyes. "I thought we'd fooled you."

"She didn't guess it, she knew it," Varden burst out, unwilling to let the chance escape without shocking the Eurasian with the extent of their knowledge, which, after all, could do them no great harm. "She knows, too, that she is no more married to you than I am. That the whole thing was a farce—a trick."

"The h—l she does!" Moreau seemed in no wise perturbed. In fact, if appearances went for anything he was enjoying the situation hugely. "Well, does she know this, too, Varden? Does she know that after she has the pleasure of seeing these monkey-men wipe you out this afternoon according to their ancient laws she is to be turned over to Chaka as his top wife? Huh? Does she know that? It's true, because I've promised it, since Chaka has wanted her for a long time, and, marriage or no, she never would have anything to do with me. But she'll learn manners now. Once she's in Chaka's harem, she'll——"

"You d—n beast!" Goaded beyond endurance by the horrible picture which the words brought before his eyes, Varden sprang at the Eurasian's throat, only to be tripped and thrown violently by Zabu, who had been waiting for just such an emergency.

Before the American could collect himself and get to his feet, Moreau vanished into the passageway.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOONSHINE OF MAKA.

WHEN their captors had departed and nothing remained with them but the memory of Moreau's taunting laugh, Varden turned to Ruth, who had sunk down on the pile of leaves.

"Well, we know our fate, at any rate," he remarked, trying to spur his companion's courage with light words, altho his heart was heavy within him. "We still have a few hours left and something may turn up. You never can tell."

Ruth smiled sadly. "You needn't try to buoy me up, Hugh," she said, reading his purpose instantly. "I am resigned and ready for whatever may come to pass. After all, as you said in the first minutes of our meeting, there are worse things than death, and I am not afraid to die. Look!"

She put her hands to her hair and after some probing about in its silky depths produced a tiny cloth bag, from which she took a brown lump about the size of a cherry.

"It's some of the poison with which the Dyacks tip their darts," she explained, holding it out so that he could see. "I've carried it for months—ever since my marriage, in fact. I am ready, you see, dear." And she smiled wanly up into his horrified eyes.

"Good Lord!" he muttered. "You mustn't, Ruth; you mustn't think of that. Not yet, at any rate. We must plan—find a way out, somehow."

"Yes; but it is well to have a last resort, Hugh. I can afford to be generous with it, too; there's enough for a dozen people in this little ball. Won't you take some, too, and be prepared in case—in case——" She offered him the lump of poison, but he pushed her hand away.

"No, no," he answered; "no dear; that's not for me. I'll go fighting or face the fire first. But I don't blame you. Only promise me that you won't—that you won't think of it again until the very last. You never can tell, you know, what may happen."

"Of course," she nodded. "I promise gladly. I only showed it to you so that you would know that I am prepared." She put the deadly drug back into the bag and destored the whole to its hiding-place in her hair.

Varden watched her hopelessly. In spite of his efforts to seem cheerful, he knew that they were almost hopelessly trapped. Nothing but a near miracle could save them, he thought, and the days of miracles were past. Neverthe-

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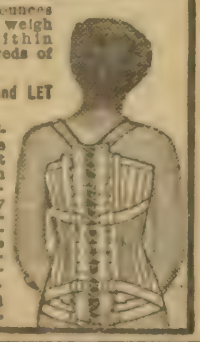

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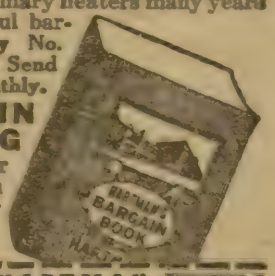

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less, he continued to talk and do what he could to encourage Ruth while they waited for their captors to come for them.

They came at last, ten of the Dyaks under the leadership of Chaka, and the prisoners were marched along the passage until they reached another larger chamber, where they found Moreau and Nash, or McCloud, as they knew him now, waiting for them in company with Zabu and the rest of the Dyaks and ape-men.

Here a halt was made and the prisoners were placed in the midst of a large body of ape-men, who led them solemnly thru a maze of winding passages. Up and down, in and out, they traveled thru the bowels of the mountain in perfect silence save for the heavy breathing of their guards and the dull thuds of many unshod feet. At last they reached the huge chamber which contained the stalactites and they were conducted across this to a wide open space directly in front of the great white throne which Varden had noted on his first visit. Here they were made to stand still in the center of a double ring of Dyaks and ape-men, while Zabu and two of his companions, all three of whom were hideously bedecked with paint and feathers, marched up onto the throne to the tune of a weird chant. Moreau and McCloud stood at the foot of the throne and Chaka remained at the side of the prisoners.

At first Varden was at a loss to know just what was going to take place, for he saw nothing in the way of especial preparation for the torture and death which he expected would be dealt out to him, but presently his eyes fell on a sight which made him shudder in spite of himself. Two of the ape-men pushed their way thru the circle of ominously silent savages and stepped into the space in front of the throne. One of them carried a pot of fire slung on a kind of tripod which he put down near a large block of stone; the other bore two long glistening knives.

WHEN everything had been arranged, the chief of the ape-men stepped to the edge of the throne a little to one side of a great stalactite column which reared up until its top was lost in the gloom above and began to speak to the throng below him in his queer guttural language. Since they could not understand a word of what he said, Varden and Ruth were forced to guess at the meaning of his speech, aided merely by the speaker's gesticulations and the expressions on the faces of those savages who stood nearest to them. But with these signs as a guide it was not hard for the prisoners to conclude that they were being accused of many and various crimes. That, in short, the ape-man's harangue was in the nature of a summing up of the evidence against them.

As he progressed in his talk, Zabu became wildly excited. He beat his hairy breast with his clinched hands, jumped up and down on the platform of the throne, and jabbered like a maniac. Suddenly he came to an abrupt halt and looked at Moreau, who waved his arm.

At this there was an angry murmur from the assembled onlookers and all eyes were focused on the prisoners. Then the two ape-men who had been stirring up the fire approached Varden, and Chaka grunted an order to the guards which caused them to handle their weapons in a threatening fashion. Sure that his hour had come; Varden was gathering his strength for one last mad struggle, when there came a sudden interruption.

There was a loud shouting from many of the onlookers and the two executioners halted in their deliberate march to look back and up to the throne. When his eyes, half unconsciously, followed theirs, the American caught his breath quickly.

Standing in front of the great white column on the platform of the throne, having evidently just stepped from behind it, was the figure of a tall old man. He was clad in a long robe of black and white skins, which gave him a strange zebra-like appearance, and on his head, which was covered with bushy white hair, was a single black plume a yard or more long. He was empty-handed save for a thin stick of some darkish wood with queer scales on it. The newcomer was Maka, the old witch-doctor.

For a moment after the old man's strange appearance not a sound could be heard in that vast cave but the steady dropping of water from the roof above. Not a soul in all the crowd of savages moved a muscle; each man merely stood still and stared, stared until his eyes seemed about to pop out of his head. It was Maka, himself, who broke the spell.

"What do you here?" he demanded, speaking in the Dyak tongue, and so loudly that the cavern echoed. "What do you here, my people? How long since is it that you took the right to profane this holy ground with your presence? How long since you have been authorized to do the things which I—I, Maka the Ancient, alone have the right to do? Know ye not that the gods of the jungle are made angry, and that the Snake has already risen in his wrath? Know ye not that one here is already doomed to be eaten by the Snake and that ye all will be thus doomed unless ye disperse? Begone, I say! Begone! And touch not the Jungle Rose and her companion, for they are under the protection of the Snake, who has ordered me to save them. Begone, I say!" He raised the little stick in his hand impressively.

It was plain, however, that, tho many of them—especially the Dyaks of Chaka's party—were much awed and impressed by the wizard's strange appearance and commanding words, the majority of the onlookers were not inclined to obey without a struggle. Zabu and his ape-men, now that the first shock was over, were beginning to murmur threateningly and to glance toward Moreau, who, as yet, had said nothing. Maka saw this and, without giving the Eurasian time to act, he once more took the initiative.

"Ye will not go?" he said, in a terrible voice. "It is enough! So be it. Behold, then, the magic of the Snake."

As he spoke he cast the little stick he had been holding in his hand at the feet of Zabu, who stood only a few paces from him, and began to wave his arms and mutter strange words in a low tone. For a moment the stick lay perfectly still, and then, as the witch-doctor muttered his gibberish and the strained eyes of the onlookers seemed about to leap out of their sockets, the stick slowly began to writhe. It twisted, it stood up on end and wriggled across the platform of its own volition. Its scales glimmered in the sunshine, and behold, it was a serpent that raised its head and hissed.

"IT'S rot, all rot!" Moreau cried out shrilly in English, forgetting to speak so that the natives could understand him. "It's nothing but a trick. Any of these native fakirs can do it."

"Be patient," said Maka solemnly. "My magic is not yet finished."

As he spoke the snake glided to the fright-paralyzed figure of Zabu and coiled about him. To every one who watched it seemed that some horrible potency for evil magic rested in that iridescent reptile—that by touching Zabu's naked skin it brought some fatal spell upon him. Even as the whites watched, spellbound and horror-stricken, Zabu became literally transfixed with fear. As the snake crept higher and higher toward his bare chest he waved his arms with a helpless gesture and for an instant struggled upright. Then, with a horrible groan, occasioned by the escape of the air imprisoned in his lungs, he collapsed like a pricked bladder, stone dead!

Turning his fascinated eyes from the dead ape-man, Varden looked toward Maka and staggered. "Good God!" he muttered, clutching at Ruth's arm, where she stood in a kind of trance beside him. Look! Look, Ruth! Look at Maka!"

Dumbly, like one awakening from some hideous dream, the girl obeyed him, and then she, too, gasped and became rigid.

Maka had disappeared! In his place, still clad in the robe of the old witch-doctor, but minus the bushy white hair, stood a tall lean man of fifty or sixty years. A white man, with a slightly bald head and oddly smiling eyes that were fastened on Ruth's face. In his hand he held a revolver.

For a few seconds the two prisoners stared at him in silence; then Varden woke up. With a quick spring he reached the side of one of their guards and wrenched the spear out of his hands before the dazed native knew what was going on. Thus armed, the American caught Ruth by the wrist and started to run toward the throne. Already some inkling of truth had dawned upon him—strange, almost unbelievable as it appeared.

They were half way to the throne when Moreau saw them and began to bawl orders at Chaka and his men, at the same time whipping out his pistol. Before the Eurasian could shoot, however, the revolver in the hand of the old man on the platform cracked sharply, and McCloud, who at just that instant stepped in front of his partner, clutched at this throat and fell backward. Aroused by the noise of the shot, the Dyaks and ape-men suddenly came to life and as one man they turned to flee from the cave. With a horrible oath at this dashing of all his hopes, for he knew now that he was beaten beyond any chance

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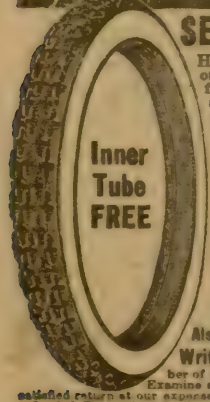

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of recovery, Victor Moreau raised his pistol and fired.

As the Eurasian pulled the trigger, Ruth and Varden were in the act of climbing a kind of natural stairway which led to the throne. She was a couple of steps ahead and her lover, supporting her with one hand and carrying his spear with the other, was bringing up the rear. At the shot Ruth staggered, clutched at space and fell headlong on top of Varden, who was knocked off his balance and fell beneath her to the floor of the cave. With an exultant grin Moreau dashed after the demoralized Dyaks.

On his feet again almost instantly, Varden stooped over Ruth and raised her from the floor. For a second he gazed into her white face, noted the widening smear of red on her forehead, and laid her down again. Then he turned and rushed after the Eurasian, his face the face of one who has seen all that the world holds that is dear to him lost beyond recall. He was just in time to see Moreau vanish into the mouth of a passage, but since he had eyes for nothing else he did not notice a second dark figure across the cave which was hurrying among the stalactites in the same direction as himself.

CHAPTER XII.
THE TREASURE CHAMBER.

AS THE flying figure of the Eurasian disappeared, Varden gave one last backward glance at Ruth, who had not moved since the shot, and dashed in pursuit. In the passage which Moreau had chosen it was so dark that Varden could not see more than ten yards ahead. But he knew that the murderer was somewhere in front of him—and alone. He was running at top speed. Moreau had no rifle, but he had his revolver, whereas the American was unarmed save for the heavy stabbing spear which he had wrested from the Dyak. He tightened his grip upon this and increased his speed. He had expected to overtake the Eurasian within a few hundred yards; but minute followed minute in that headlong race without another glimpse of the fleeing man. He heard several shouts behind him from the escaping Dyaks, but he met no one, and the shouts finally died in the distance. By some instinct he followed his enemy thru a haze of winding tunnels, never for a moment was he at fault, altho he never afterward could tell how he kept on the right trail. Suddenly a rush of fresh air in his face told the pursuer that he was nearing the end of the caves, and with a little shout of relief he ran faster than ever.

Swiftly now, it grew lighter and lighter, and presently Varden dashed out of the mouth of the passage beneath the Frozen Waterfall onto the ledge which ran around the brink of the canyon to the curved bridge. For a second only he paused here, saw Moreau running down the slope of the bridge thirty yards ahead of him, and sprang away in pursuit. The next second he aws almost knocked off the ledge into space by a dark hurtling figure, which passed him as tho he had been standing still and kept on after the Eurasian. For a sickening instant Varden was hard put to it to retain his balance, but by a violent effort he recovered himself and looked ahead. When he did so he caught his breath and stared.

Bounding down the incline behind Moreau, covering the rapidly lessening space between them with ungainly but tremendously powerful and speedy leaps, was the huge, grotesque figure of Rajah, the giant anthropoid. He was running silently, steadily, without a glance to either side, and as he ran, sometimes on all fours, sometimes half upright, the American could see the play of the great muscles in his back and shoulders. On the smooth stone the bare feet of the ape made no sound that could be heard above the road of the river, but some sixth sense must have warned Moreau of that awful presence behind him, for just as he reached the narrowest part of the bridge he slackened his steps and looked back.

For a fraction of a second he seemed to hesitate; then realizing evidently that he could not outrun his pursuer, he whipped out his revolver and turned squarely around. At almost the same instant the big ape made his final spring. Moreau fired once before his revolver was torn from his grasp and let out one horrible, despairing scream, which, even at that moment, caused Varden's blood to turn to ice in his veins. Then Rajah closed with him.

The fight was very short. Under the impact of the ape's body Moreau went down, lurched to his knees and tried to rise, and then the fangs which could tear the tough hide of a jungle leopard as tho it were tissue paper sank into the soft flesh of a man.

There was no further sound on the bridge for several minues.

Then a terrible cry filled the canyon and echoed and re-echoed among the cliffs—the fierce, triumphant scream of a great bull ape standing over his kill.

Watching with horrified eyes, Varden saw Rajah lift the broken, shapeless thing that had once been a man and heave it far out into the abyss. Then he turned and began to retrace his steps.

Moving unseeingly, as a sleep-walker wanders about the familiar halls and chambers of his own home, Varden slowly retraced his steps to the cave of the stalactites. He met no one on the way. The Dyaks and ape-men, utterly demoralized by Maka's wizardry and the death of their leaders, had vanished as completely as tho the earth had swallowed them. There was not a sound save the dull echoes of his own footfalls to break the silence of those gloomy caves as the American moved along, buried in a grief so deep that his mind was numb.

At the entrance to the great chamber which had been the scene of the most awful catastrophe he had even known, Varden paused for an instant. Then he began to pick his way between the tall white columns toward the throne. He was half way there, when he stopped and caught at his breast with one hand, half blinded for an instant by a rush of blood to his brain and the pounding of his heart.

Sitting on the lowermost step of the natural stairway, very white and wan, but undeniably alive, was Ruth! She was looking up at and talking to the tall, lean white man, who had been Maka, while he was looking down at her in a paternal fashion which there was no mistaking.

For a little, unnoticed by the two at the foot of the stairs, Varden stood still, half unable to believe his own eyes. Then he gave a little cry of joy and ran forward. At his cry, Ruth turned and struggled to her feet just in time to meet him and be caught up in his arms.

Some minutes later Varden released her gently and put her down on the stair again. "I thought you were dead," he murmured brokenly, almost unable even yet to realize that she was safe. "I could have sworn it, dear. But you don't seem to be even badly hurt."

"No, not very badly. Just a little headache, that's all," she smiled. "The bullet only grazed me, Hugh. I was merely stunned for a few minutes. But you? Did you——?"

"No," he answered, guessing what she would ask. "It was Rajah. He passed me and caught him out there on the bridge. It's—it's all over, Ruth."

They were silent for a moment after this. Then Varden turned to the tall man, who, saying nothing, had been standing a little apart watching them with kindly eyes.

"And you, sir," the younger man began. "We have you to thank that it is all over—that we are still alive. I suppose that you are——"

"Gilbert Nash, the real Gilbert Nash this time," the other finished for him,

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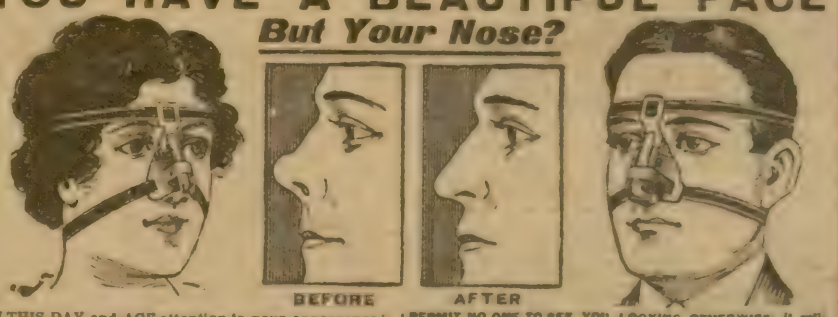

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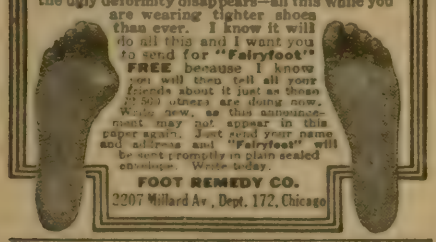

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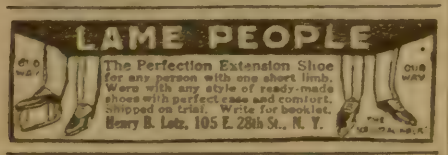

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smiling, and gripping Varden's outstretched hand. "My daughter and I have just been getting acquainted with each other. We have a great deal to be thankful for and to talk about, but there is plenty of time. We're perfectly safe now, I think."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Varden; then, remembering suddenly: "But the other —McCloud. Is he——"

"He is dead—yes," Nash replied, glancing where a huddled figure lay at the base of one of the stalactites. "He was, in many ways, tho silent, perhaps the deeper schemer of the two. I think the plot was his originally, tho we shall never know that for sure. They got possession of my place while I was away in the jungle. They meant to murder me, but I was warned and escaped to live with Maka. Later on Maka died and I assumed his character. With my knowledge of native customs and a little make-up it was fairly easy. At first I had no idea that they meant to call Ruth here, and when I did learn of it, it was too late. All I could do was watch over her by means of a few natives who were still faithful to me and wait for my opportunity to strike. I dared not tell even Ruth the truth, for if our enemies had guessed my identity they would have killed us both. They thought I had been killed by bushmen, you see. I had to wait until the time was ripe, and that did not come until I heard from native runners that you were in the neighborhood. Then, in my character of wizard, I warned Ruth of your arrival; and the rest you know."

"But the packet you gave me," said Varden, voicing the thing that had been puzzling him for so long. "Why was it merely filled with blank paper? And that awful snake business of a little while ago. How did you do that?"

Nash chuckled softly. "I purposely misled you in regard to the packet," he answered, "in order to test your honesty. I was afraid that Moreau might win you over. I didn't know you, then, you see, and I dared not risk too much. All along I was planning to be present here in the caves myself. As for the snake—it was only a trick. My supposed 'magic stick' was a snake all the time, of course, a snake into which I'd injected a poisonous vegetable juice which made it temporarily rigid and petrified, so it closely resembled a piece of wood. See? Poor old Zabu, he died from the sheer fright of having a mystic serpent climb over him! And it was only a harmless little thing, after all."

He led the way across the cave, and the two young people followed him wonderingly, Ruth leaning on Varden's arm. At the end of a short passageway they came into a small empty chamber. Thrusting his arm into a little niche in the wall, Gilbert Nash pushed heavily and a square block of stone swung around to reveal a dark opening. They crawled into this and along another low passage for about a dozen feet, when they found themselves in a second small chamber, that was dimly lighted by a narrow slit in the roof. At first they thought that this room, too, was empty, but presently their eyes made out a large pile of yellowed human bones in one corner.

With Varden's help, Nash moved some of these and uncovered two large bags of untanned leather which were filled with something heavy. When they had untied them and emptied their contents upon the floor, the two young people gasped.

Lying at their feet was a heap of uncut diamonds as big as a bushel basket, many of the stones of great size. Varden stooped and picked one up. "Good Lord!" he muttered. "It's a king's ransom! Monte Cristo wasn't in it!"

Gilbert Nash smiled. "Now you know why Moreau and McCloud were willing to do murder," he said. "These stones are meteoric. They were found and hidden here years ago by Dyak priests. Maka told me of them. How Victor Moreau learned of their existence I do not know. Maka wanted me to have them. Now I, in my turn, give them to you, Ruth, as your wedding gift."

The End.

The Man Afraid of His Job

(Continued From Page 3)

chanical and operating departments were carrying over the Siwash division. Men were scarce and hard to get. Engines were getting in bad condition, and still the cry was, "Haul more tonnage!" Increasing the tonnage, they thought, helped reduce the number of trains to be moved.

Three o'clock p. m., Wednesday, saw a spring day, air soft and balmy with the latest odors of buds and blossoms in the act of blooming. Two hours later a stiff north wind was hurtling down from the polar regions and the furnace-tenders were busy shoveling coal and cursing the Kansas weather and its changeableness. By the time Jimmy came on duty there was an inch of snow on the ground and a blizzard was in prospect.

"S'bad night," grunted Jimmy as the day chief outlined things for him. "Wish I didn't have to work."

"You're lucky," growled Wilne in a complaining voice. "I've got to go to Oldsing for the pow-wow. Big bugs are all there—Hitchcock, Brown, Truesdale and all the rest. Wish I could stay with the kids and wife at home." He slipped into his coat. "Oh, yes, their nobses are not to be bothered with petty details. Work's all laid out and up to us to carry on. Gee, wish I could stay home!"

Jimmy grunted sympathetically. As the door closed behind Wilne, Jimmy drew forth Billy's letter to read. He had been so busy at the house that he didn't have time.

When he had finished the letter he leaned back in the chair and sighed contentedly. His day of slaving for the C. H. & D. was over. Billy wanted him at once and the salary was three hundred per month, instead of the two-fifty he had asked. It was a great old world, after all.

"Say, Donnely," Johnson broke in just then on his musings, "extra 3302 west is at Alva and almost out of water. Conductor says he can make it with the caboose. What say?"

"Tell him to suit himself," said Donnely. "I should worry. Aw, heck, tell him to bring the hack and come!"

"If this keeps up the old man will be baldheaded in a week," grinned Johnson. "This sure knocks the head off the tonnage sheet." He chuckled as he shouted in the phone. "Tell him to come in with the caboose, Alva."

The desk phone rang and the yardmaster informed Jimmy that the meat and stock were both in and he wanted to put out a call as soon as he could. Jimmy looked over at Johnson and said:

"How soon can you handle a couple of extras?"

"Make it 9 and 9:30," replied Johnson.

Jimmy nodded and gave the permission. For the next few minutes he was busy, and when he finally leaned back in his chair he said:

"Sparks says that cleans him for power. No more trains for you tonight out of here."

"Glad of it," bubbled Johnson. "Going to have my hands full as it is."

After the stock and meat trains had departed Jimmy settled back to his daydreaming. It looked like an easy night after all. How long he sat he did not know. He was jerked from his reverie by Johnson exclaiming:

"If you can beat that, I'll put in with you!"

"Now what?" came languidly from Jimmy. "What's wrong?"

Johnson sagged limply in his chair in disgust.

"The E. & P. has delivered that fifteen cars of Santa Resa fruit to the yards at Elapiso. Yardmaster wants to know if you want No. 84 to handle it with rest of his train, or reduce 84 so he can make time with it?"

Two strides and Donnely was leaning over Johnson's shoulder, glancing at the sheet.

"Why that wasn't due utnil tomorrow I thought," he protested. "Understood they were behind a washout?"

Johnson bent his mouth to the phone. "Yes, what is it?" He listened intently while a voice droned thru the phone. Then he addressed Jimmy in dismay. "Shafer says 84's engine is leaking. Can't handle his train, but might handle fruit alone."

"Fruit it is," Jimmy decided quickly. He chuckled as the thought of what the Old Man would say on the morrow. If this wasn't giving them initiative, he didn't know how it was done. At this Johnson ventured a word of warning, but Jimmy quelled him with a look.

"They want that fruit in K. C. ten hours after we get it. Schedule is high all the way to New York and it's twelve hours late now. What engine they got?"

"3310."

"We'll run her right thru." He called the roundhouse and gave orders that the 3310 should have fire cleaned and made ready immediately on arrival. He turned back to Johnson. "Let me know when they pass Alne and we'll call the crews."

"Call the crews?" echoed Johnson. "Didn't know we had any."

"We're going to make one or two," Jimmy replied mysteriously. "Also, we are going to make connections with the B. & O. for their 5 a. m. fast freight out of K. C. That will put the fruit into Chicago on time."

"You're crazy," Johnson averred, eying Jimmy with suspicion, "or else you're drunk."

"Neither," snapped Jimmy. "I'm sane for the first time since I hired out on this road."

"But they couldn't make that time," expostulated Johnson, still arguing "Hello, what? At 10:40." He passed the information along, "Donnely, the fruit will be here about 11:10. Passed Alne at 10:40."

THE exponent of initiativeness took down the receiver and called the yard office.

"Carley?" he asked in crisp tones.

"Yes."

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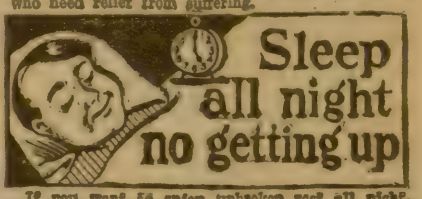

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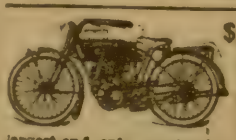

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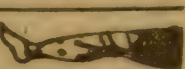

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Call a crew for the East at 11:40."

"Haven't got it."

"Then get one," commanded Jimmy.

"Sure," came the ironic reply. "All I've got to do is whistle and I've got one. Nothing doing."

"You must, Carley!" Jimmy's voice took on a strained tone. "That E. & P. fruit has showed up and it's up to us to get it thru. You know what that means to us? If we give that trial fruit a good wheel we get thirty thousand cars of it."

"Sorry," Carley's voice growled into the phone. "But I couldn't get a crew if I had a carload of peace treaties for the President. I won't have an available crew before six bells."

"That'll be too late," Jimmy almost shrieked. "Get a yard crew!"

"None available. Besides, no examined men on them."

"Say," Johnson interrupted, his voice shaking in its excitement. "Shafer's on the phone. Says his engine is dead out at the feed yards and to send out and tow him in. Busted her flues!"

The receiver fell out of Jimmy Donnely's hand and for the second time in just a week he let the safety valve of his emotions blow up with a perfectly good cussword.

Five minutes later he had the receiver to his ear and was talking to Carley again. Meanwhile interspersing remarks to Johnson as he talked.

"Carley, get a yard engine and go out to feed yards and tow in Shafer. Also take message. Ready? Go:

"'Effective this date, Conductor Ryan and Brakemen Oliver and Ensign are reinstated. Signed, T. M. Brown.' And Carley, call them for an extra East at 11:40." He laughed as he heard Carley's gasp over the phone.

"Great heavens!" shouted Johnson, rising from his chair. "Donnely, you can't do that! Why, that's the bunch that got canned for running the block and hitting the stock train last week."

"I'm doing it, ain't I?" Jimmy remarked coldly.

Johnson sank back into his chair and passed a hand over his brow. He was dazed at this turn of affairs. He heard Jimmy call Sparks and give the same message that also reinstated Dolan and his fireman. He finished with:

"And I want an engine for them at 11:40."

"Haven't a thing. How about 3310?"

"Dead at the feed yards. Former instructions canceled. Got anything with a throttle and a couple of wheels. Dolan doesn't care. He can run anything, even a wheelbarrow."

"Well," chuckled Sparks, after a brief pause. "I've got an old teakettle that belongs to the Essex division. Have orders to double-head her on 24 tonight——"

"Canceled," barked Jimmy. "Take message."

And Johnson almost fainted when Jimmy politely commandeered an Essex division engine to handle the delayed fruit. He came back to earth, tho, when Jimmy started giving orders again.

"Johnson, you put out orders right now, giving Extra 159 East right over all trains and wait here until 11:40, Batimer until 11:59——"

"She can't do it!" Johnson wailed.

"She must. Put it out! We'll give Dolan a chance tonight to show us how fast he can wheel one of them hogs."

"But the Coast Limited?"

"Put them in the clear also."

"They'll fire you sure!" Johnson almost cried at the thought. They sure will!"

"Say," snapped Jimmy. "Whose job is this? Mine or yours? Are you boss, or am I?"

Johnson swallowed hard.

"You are, sir," he admitted.

Jimmy's heart swelled with pride. For the first time since he had been night chief he was boss. Johnson had said "sir" to him.

DODSON relieved Johnson at midnight. The fruit special was on its way with the main line all the way. Dodson sized up the situation and took his seat, just in time to hear Batimer OS the extra thru at 12:04. Johnson nodded at Jimmy.

"If you don't mind I'd like to see the performance," he said gravely. "If that crazy Dolan can make anywhere near that time I want to see it done."

"He'll make it." Jimmy spoke confidently. "If the pig hangs together and the wheels hold to the rails."

And Dolan was showing in a short time that Jimmy's faith was not misplaced. At 2 a. m. half the operators along the line were listening to keep track of the progress of Extra 159 East.

At 3 the entire telegraph force on the Siwash division sat with ears glued tight to the receivers so as not to miss a thing, and around many a table were eager questioners who asked from time to time:

"Where they at now? Laws boy! Ain't he running—the poor fool! I wouldn't run a train like that in this blizzard for the engine itself as a present."

Up in the office Jimmy sat at Dodson's elbow. Johnson was at his side smoking a cigar and Jimmy was chewing savagely on a Havana which refused to stay lighted. At Binthrop Dolan was killing time on the wait order he had and Jimmy tapped Dodson on the shoulder.

"Bust that wait at Latopa and cut it five minutes to Billings, ten minutes to Tina and fifteen to Medina. That will give us thirty minutes to the good at K. C. Put them in there at 4:30 instead of 5."

Billings put them thru exactly on the wait and Jimmy grinned. Ten minutes passed, but Lorence did not OS the extra by. Fifteen minutes and still no sign. Jimmy touched Dodson again.

"Ask Lorence where they are?" he commanded.

Dodson did so and reported that the extra had not passed there. Jimmy left his seat and strode up and down the office. Ten minutes later and Lorence reported a drag had pulled out a drawbar and the extra was behind them. When Lorence put the extra by they were exactly forty minutes off their schedule.

"They'll make up ten minutes of that," mused Jimmy, bolstering up his courage. "I'll see if the B. & O. will hold for a few minutes. Long distance railroad phone caught the yardmaster at K. C. He in turn got into communication with B. & O. officials who politely informed him that they got their trains out on time. Jimmy kicked over the wastebasket as a relief to his feelings. Dodson broke the tension.

"By Tina 4:05."

Jimmy went back to long distance, and bawled into the mouthpiece:

"Mac, ask them to hold for us until 5:15, will you?"

"Nothing doing," came from Mac at the other end.

"Of all the tightwads!" Jimmy stormed. "I'll remember this, you bet." He glowered at the sheet.

"By Medina 4:11," said Dodson, making the entry.

"Impossible!" shouted Jimmy, glaring his unbelief. Seven miles in five minutes? That wop is a bonehead!"

"We'll see what Cushing says," said the imperturbed Dodson. Johnson tossed away his cigar and lighted another. He should have been home in bed, but he wanted to see the outcome of this farce. Such is the fascination of the railroad game. It was he who yelled at Jimmy:

"Great heavens! By Cushing at 4:20!"

"Twelve miles in nine minutes isn't so slow for Dolan," chuckled Dodson. "I have half an idea to hand him a message asking him if he can't make better time."

Jimmy did not answer. He was busy figuring Dolan's chances on making in. Of course, he knew Dolan could never keep up that pace all the way. It wasn't possible. Once more he called Mac at K. C.

"For God's sake, Mac," he begged. "Ask them to hold until 5:10 for this fruit."

"Sure," agreed Mac. "But Jimmy, it's no use." Jimmy waited with his heart in his throat. When Mac reported a refusal Jimmy swallowed hard and almost choked in anger and disgust.

Catale at 4:29, Hornersville at 4:44. It was Hornersville who reported a hotbox blazing and throwing sparks to beat all get out. It was the hotbox which made Jimmy sink back in his chair and close his eyes in weariness. The game was over. The fruit train had ten miles to go and a crossing stop to make. Dolan was a darling, but the impossible couldn't be accomplished. If the B. & O. would hold five minutes? He reached for the phone then banged his fist on the desk.

"I'll be—be hanged if I will!" He snorted and turned his back on the phone. Then he buried his face in his hands. He was beaten at the last stage of the game and the thought brought a dry sob to his throat. He swallowed twice, but the lump refused to go down. He turned to Dodson.

"I'm going down to get a cup of coffee," I'm all to pieces."

"I'll go with you," said Johnson, pity reflected in his face as he saw the hands on the clock pointed to 4:55.

WHEN Jimmy returned he found Dodson with feet cocked on the desk puffing a huge cigar which pointed upward at the ceiling. Dodson was at peace with all the world. He surveyed Jimmy with a cheerful grin as he said, so thought Jimmy, somewhat irreverently:

"Ever pray, Donnely?"

Jimmy hadn't in years. What was the use? He chewed viciously on his stub of a cigar.

"Great things—prayers," went on Dodson. "I began praying when Dolan got caught behind that drag. Must have been heard, because you had just left when Mac calls me up and says the B. & O. will be ten minutes late on account of holding to throw out bad order. Dolan made it with five minutes to spare. Great old scout is Dolan! I'll say he is!"

He chuckled, then broke off in stupid wonder as Donnely sank into his chair gasping and sputtering for breath. Dodson's headpiece came off at the first

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Made by Endicott-Johnson Co., of soft chrome leather with broad oak leather heels and double thick soles; dirt-excluding and waterproof tongue; guaranteed for six months' wear. Sizes 5½ to 12.

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With Electric Starter

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SEND NO MONEY—JUST YOUR NAME

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H. FRIEND, Secy., 713 Friend Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

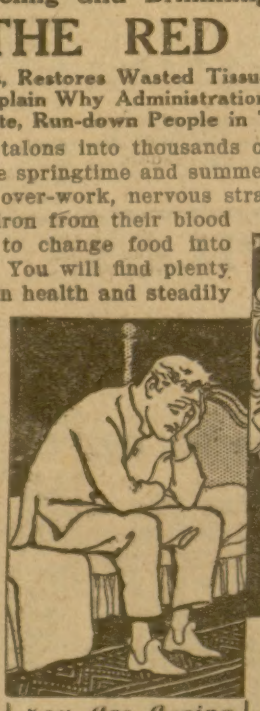
How Signs Of Old Age Creep Into Your System When The Iron In Your Blood Runs Low

For Want of Iron, You May Be Old At Thirty—Nervous, Irritable and All Run-Down—While at Fifty or Sixty, With Plenty of Iron in Your Blood, You May Be Young in Feeling and Brimming Over With Vim and Energy

IRON IS THE RED BLOOD FOOD

That Helps Strengthen the Nerves, Restores Wasted Tissue and Aids in Giving Renewed Force and Power to the Body. Physicians Explain Why Administration of Simple Nuxated Iron Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Run-down People in Two Weeks' Time.

Old age has already sunk its talons into thousands of men and women who ought still to be enjoying the springtime and summer of life simply because they have allowed worry, over-work, nervous strain, dissipation and occupational poisons to sap the iron from their blood and thereby destroy its power to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain. You will find plenty of people at 40 who are broken in health and steadily going downward to physical and mental decay while others at 50 are strong, active, alert and seemingly growing younger every year. One class withers and dies like leaves in autumn while the other by keeping up a strong power of resistance against disease may pass the three score and ten mark with surprising health, strength and vigor. But you cannot expect to look and feel young and vigorous unless you have plenty of iron in your blood, and physicians explain below why they prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to supply the iron deficiency in the weak, nervous, and run-down so as to build them up into stronger, healthier men and women.



You Are Ageing
If the enthusiasm for tackling your daily problems has waned

You Are Ageing
If your skin is shrinking and your face looks wrinkled, careworn and old

You Are Ageing
If you have lost the spring of your step and your movements are cumbrous

You Are Ageing
If you are wearied by the activities of your daily life

"Many a man and woman who ought still to be young in feeling is losing the old time vim and energy that makes life worth living simply because their blood is starving for want of iron," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "Thousands are ageing and breaking down at a time when they should be enjoying perfect health because anaemia—lack of iron in the blood—has fastened its grip on them and is sapping their strength, vitality and energy. But in my opinion you can't make strong, keen, forceful men and healthy rosy-cheeked women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."

Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon, Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, says: "From a careful examination of the formula and my own tests of Nuxated Iron, I feel convinced that it is a preparation which any physician can take himself or prescribe for his patients with the utmost confidence of obtaining highly beneficial and satisfactory results."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which has been used by Dr. Sullivan and other physicians with such surprising results, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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Old Sea Captain Cured His Own Rupture After Doctors Said "Operate or Death."

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"Fellow Men and Women, You Don't Have To Be Cut Up, and You Don't Have To Be Tortured By Trusses."

Captain Collings made a study of himself, of his condition—and at last he was rewarded by the finding of the method that so quickly made him a well, strong, vigorous and happy man.

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Box 220E Watertown, N. Y.

Please send me your FREE Rupture Remedy and Book without any obligation on my part whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

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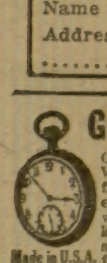

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Gold Filled Case — Guaranteed Watch with a national reputation for accurate timekeeping. **Send No Money**, just your name and address. Watch will be sent C. O. D. You pay postman $9.00, keep watch 10 days, and if it is not all we say, and more, return to us and we will refund your money. Remember, this bargain Watch is for a limited time only. Watch is best American make and an accurate timepiece. Classy Waldheim Chain and Gold Filled Knife $1. 0.

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We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you all at one time, on Friday. Only one report for you to make out each week. We show you how to make money by building up a regular route of customers that you deliver the papers to each week. You make a cash profit on every paper you sell so that in addition to the valuable premiums we also give you, you will make

$1.00 to $5.00 per Week

You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers. Fill out the blank below and get started right away, today. We tell you how to get the customers.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell. I want to make money every week and get valuable premiums.

13

Name .....

St., R. F. D., Box No. .....

Town ..... State .....

snatch and in a bound he was bending solicitously over the night chief. His wild yell caused Sam, the colored porter, to drop brushes and pails and roll his eyes wildly. He fairly roared:

"Water, Sam! Hurry! Donnely is fainting!"

Donnely raised a protesting hand as he said in a weak, hollow voice.

"I'm not. I just swallowed my cigar is all."

When the telephone summoned him to the super's office the next morning, he found himself contemplating with regrets the trading of old friends, old scenes and old places for doubtful and untried new ones. He wished it was not so. If only he had not overheard the conversation. He sighed as he shrugged his shoulders and dressed for the street.

Brown, Hitchcock and Winle were in the office when he sauntered in without knocking. All three men smiled their welcome and it was Hitchcock who motioned him to a seat. But it was Brown who glanced casually at a sheet in front of him and said:

Donnely, Mr. Winle is leaving us tomorrow. Mr. Hitchcock and I have decided to offer you his position. Do you want it?"

No criticisms, no praise, no condemnation. A cold-blooded proposition, put in a cold-blooded manner. Yet Jimmy knew behind that proposition lay warm hearts and helping hands. He forgot Billy and the new job, his old fears of losing a job and everything else in his haste to prove the saying true that "Once a railroad man always a railroad man."

It is Trainmaster Donnely now. Soon it is said there will be a new super on the Essex Division and that—oh, yes, about Billy! Read this telegram. It explains itself:

"Dear Old Plug: Dad and I have split again. I'm going to Montana to punch cows. If you want a job as cowboy, come out. "Movingly yours,

"BILLY."

* * *

Spoiled the Effect.

AT A SOCIAL evening one very musical young lady sang a song entitled, "Sylvan Sounds." It was very fine, very fine, indeed; and all the old ladies and gentlemen waxed quite enthusiastic.

"Most delightful!" gushed one dear old lady to a young man, who chanced to be near her. "Isn't she a lovely singer?"

"Yes, quite good!" replied the young fellow coolly.

"And didn't it remind you of the singing of birds? In fact," went on the good lady enthusiastically, "one might almost believe it really was a bird singing."

"Well, I don't know," remarked the man; "I never saw a bird sit down at a table and drink three cups of tea, and eat two helpings of veal and ham pie, and enough cake and sweets to stock a school treat."

* * *

Vigilance.

"MY WIFE used to sit up till early in the morning waiting to see what time I came home."

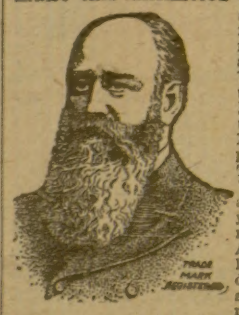
"So did mine," replied Mr. Meekton. "But now Henrietta needs her rest. She has more important picketing duties to perform."

CRUEL PILES

Dr. Van Vleck Found Genuine Relief Which Is Healing Thousands

Send Postal for Dollar Trial FREE

To anyone suffering from Piles we make this unlimited offer: Send us your address and return mail will bring you a regular Dollar Package of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Treatment for **Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles,** and such Pile trouble—all in plain wrapper — **TO TRY FREE.** Dr. Van Vleck, ex-surgeon U. S. army, spent forty years perfecting his now world famous **Absorption Method.** No knife, no pain, no doctor bills—just a simple home treatment that can be tried by anyone **without cost.** Then, after trying, if you are fully satisfied with the relief and comfort it gives you, send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you nothing. You decide and we take your word. We don't know how we could show more unbounded faith in our remedy. It is relieving almost every stage and condition of Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, even after whole lifetimes of misery. We have received hundreds of letters telling of the success of this remarkably effective system after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations, had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The milder cases are often controlled in a single day. Won't you try it at our expense? Address Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. RZ-47, Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Send today.



Bothwell Blunders Again.

"YOU never noticed," said the man's wife a trifle reproachfully, "that I had my hair done up the new way every one is doing it. No, you never noticed at all, so you needn't pretend you did. Do you like it?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the man with marked vivacity, "so you have! I was just wondering what made you look so different."

"You were not," contradicted his wife. "You haven't really looked at me since you came home, Bothwell. You just realized I was here, like the sideboard or the hall rug. What a tragedy matrimony is? But, do you like it? Doesn't it make my nose look too prominent?"

"Not at all," replied the husband promptly. "It looks very pretty."

"Now, don't start reading your paper again, Bothwell," she ordered, "until we get this settled. It's very important how a woman does her hair and I want your judgment. You always say things look very pretty. You said that wretched brown velvet dress of mine that I shed quarts of tears over looked very pretty and you always say instantly I buy a new hat that it is—very pretty! That sounds well, but it doesn't mean anything. Doesn't it make you wonder how on earth I got it up this way? There isn't any knot of hair to be seen, you see—it's all tucked under."

"OH, YES!" said her husband, "I see."

"You don't at all," she contradicted, "because a mere man knows nothing about doing up hair. But it's all tucked under and that's what gives my head this rounding outline, like a boy's. Do you think it makes me look younger?"

"I hadn't noticed that you needed to look younger," he told her. "Your hair always looks nice, Doris."

"I do wish you would take a little interest," declared his wife. "All you want to do is get back to that old paper. You'd tell me anything just so I would let you alone. I don't wonder there are so many marital differences with husbands never taking a particle of thought on subjects important to their wives."

"Jumping fish hooks, Doris," cried her husband; "do you mean to say you are talking that nonsense because I do or do not say the sort of things you think I should or shouldn't say about your hair dress? Anyhow, if I said I didn't like it you'd be all upset. You'd say I didn't know a single thing about style or you'd have your feelings hurt and cry."

"Then you don't like it this way," she asserted. "I don't see why you didn't admit it in the first place instead of encouraging me to make myself look like a fright. That's just what I mean. Bothwell—you don't take enough interest to prevent me from doing a thing like that."

"I never said I didn't like it," interrupted her husband, "I think it looks very——"

"Bothwell!" she shrieked at him, "if you say it looks very pretty again I shall die on the spot. Why, you just as much as admitted you didn't think it was becoming. I should think you would want me to follow the fashions instead of being a perfect back number and looking as tho I had come over in the ark. I expect if I plastered a bow on my hair and wore beau catchers you'd think it looked lovely."

"You don't need a beau catcher," he soothed her. "I bet if you started the style of 'em, tho, every other woman would follow. Really, Doris, the more I look at the way you have your hair done up the more impressed I am. It seems to suit the style of your head or something. I am sure folks will like it. I certainly would stick to it if I were you."

"NOW do you really, Bothwell, or are you just saying that to make me feel good?" his wife asked him. "I'd so much rather you'd be perfectly honest. Why, this very minute I expect you are thinking how you dislike this way and are afraid to tell me."

"I do not," he insisted. "I really like it!"

"Truly, Bothwell?"

"Fact," he insisted, reaching one hand toward the newspaper on the floor. "It—it's so distinctive, too—I noticed it the minute I saw you tonight."

"Bothwell Jones!" said his wife in awful tones, rising and standing before him, "now I know just how much faith to put in what you say. I've worn my hair like this every night for a solid week and you've never known it."

"Oh, heck," groaned her husband, "What's the use!"

* * *

A Hopeless Case.

THE confirmed humorist had been railroaded to the psychopathic ward by some of his victims who demanded that if possible they cure him, and if not that they bury him, but on Christmas they repented and clubbed together for a gift. Then, a few days later, they received this letter from the merry lunatic:

"My dear friends: I am forwarding to you a box I received a short time ago. Obviously, from the label in the upper left-hand corner, it is intended for you, but came to me by mistake."

They looked at the label and realized with horror that their friend was incurable. It read: "Assorted Nuts."

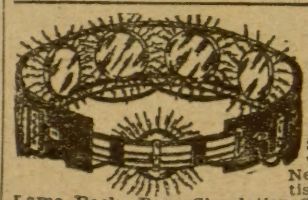
* * *

"Bird in the Hand."

SOME of the cant phrases that fall most trippingly from the tongue today had origin many centuries ago, and among them is the somewhat obvious statement that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The start of that remark is credited to a belled jester in the court of roistering King Henry VIII., whose job, if not his life, depended on his impudence, an impudence that must needs

YOU'RE AN EASY PREY, with your flesh reduced below a healthy standard, for grip, pneumonia, and other dangerous diseases. And it's for just this condition that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is especially valuable.

If you're thinner than you ought to be, whether from wasting disease or defective nutrition, the "Discovery" will bring you up to the healthy standard—by restoring the normal action of the deranged organs. A strength-restorer and flesh-builder. Liquid or tablets.



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Play correct BASS at once with my method. Most anyone can learn in a week.
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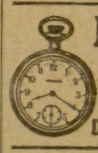

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Send no money, just your name and address and I will tell you how to easily earn this dandy nickel-plated stem wind stem-set watch with non-breakable crystal and get a handsome fob with it absolutely free. Write today to—
D. S. STEPHENS 100 W. High St., Springfield, Ohio

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket curiosity. Everybody wants it. See your best girl, and all she's doing. No one knows you see everything. Operates in all climates; lasts a lifetime. Always ready for use. 35c postpaid for this wonderful instrument.
KATHOS CO., 424 Park Row Bldg., N.Y. City

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Premo Film Pack Camera, for selling 24 large colored pictures or 24 pkgs. post cards at 15c each. Order choice today. Sent prepaid.
GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 545 CHICAGO

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ASTHMA TREATMENT sent you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

PILES Relieved. Write for FREE trial treatment.
WARN'S REMEDY CO., 507D Lankershim Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal

Be a Detective Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write
C. T. Ludwig, 120 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

combine wit, stab and laughter, and while he was given a wide latitude in his insults to members of the court, he had to take close care not to let his stabs reach the kingly pride of the overly thin skin of whoever happened to be favorite at the opportune moment.

Lord Surrey, a becurled dandy of the palace, one time presented the jester with a kingfisher, after he had neatly barbed an enemy of Surrey's with his biting tongue and caustic wit. A few hours later Lord Hamton, a fellow of Surrey's, set up a great wailing when he discovered the kingfisher, on which he had his own eye, had been given to the court jester. "Odds blood," roared Surrey. "Go get it from the jester, and tell the fool I'll send him another some time soon." But the fool refused to give up his bird, and sent back word that, with all due respect to his lordship, he held that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—TO SELL HIGH GRADE watches—jewelry. Small deposit required. Make big money before Christmas. H. Reisman Co., 128 N. Wells St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-162, Dayton, Ohio.

$6,000.00 A YEAR IS YOUR PROFIT FROM 4 sales a day. Davidson sold 96 one week. No experience needed. The Aladdin light is a sensation wherever introduced. 5 times as bright as electric. Won gold medal. Farmers have the money, they need this light and 9 out of 10 will buy. Also big opportunity in small towns and suburbs. Excellent spare time and evening seller. No capital required. Sample on free trial. Write for agency proposition while territory still open. Mantle Lamp Company, 502 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS GO INTO PERMANENT BUSINESS. No capital required. Should net $2500 to $5000 first year. Guaranteed products needed in every home. Repeat sales—big profits. Old established concern whose products are known everywhere. Many make sales of $40 to $75 per day. Practical sales helps; advertising matter furnished. Sample outfit free. Write today. W. T. Rawleigh Co., 310 Liberty St., Freeport, Ill.

AGENTS: WE PAY $72 A WEEK TAKING orders for reversible raincoats. Something brand new. Easiest seller ever introduced. No capital required. You take the orders, we deliver and collect and pay your commission on same day. Saves customer over $20. Write quick. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 1711, Dayton, Ohio.

ENORMOUS PROFITS SELLING MADAME Lily's Marcellene hair dressing and skin whitener soap to colored people. Takes like wild fire everywhere. Constant repeater. Cash in on some of this easy money. Write for our attractive proposition. Sent free. Address Tono-Scalpa Co., Inc., 1231 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

SELL WHAT MILLIONS WANT. NEW, wonderful Liberty portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique. Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 12, 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Orders in every home for our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Large book of samples free to agents. Write today for particulars. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. P 2, 425 Broadway, New York.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS: $4 AN HOUR TAKING ORDERS for New Can't Clog Burner. Fits any stove. Burns coal oil. Cheapest fuel known. Sells everywhere. Big demand. Write for agency and sample. Parker Mfg. Co., 109 Mat St., Dayton, Ohio.

TIRE AGENTS, EXCLUSIVE REPRESEN- tatives to use and sell the new Mellinger Extra-Ply Tires. (No seconds.) Guarantee bond 8000 miles. Wholesale prices. Sample sections furnished. Mellinger Tire Co., 972 Oak, Kansas City, Missouri.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, Dept. T-451, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

$11.00 A DAY FOR 5 HOURS WORK. New Method—no capital required—no deliveries—no delays—just take orders and bank big profits. Davis Products Co., Dept. 451, Chicago.

AGENTS: WE WANT 1 RELIABLE AGENT in your district to introduce a noncompetitive necessity to homes and dealers. We help you become a sanitary expert. Ideal Disinfectant Corp., 402 West 35th St., New York.

WOULD GOOD DURABLE PAINTS, OIL varnish, 40c gallon, interest you? Write Dept. K, Emmalmann Bros. Mfg. Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

BEAUTIFUL SILK HOSE FREE—10,000 pair given. Nothing to sell. State size. Answer today. Standard Hosiery Co., 6-12 Commercial Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

SELL NECESSITIES; EVERYBODY NEEDS and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800 in 30 days. Send for sample; it's free. Nichols Co., Naperville, Ill., Dept. 6B.

WAR PICTURES—LARGE 22-28 INCHES —beautiful colors, 3 for $1.00. Crescent Portrait Studio, 1340 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ills.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

FREE SAMPLE TO REAL AGENTS; AN AR- ticle every civilized man needs; sell stores also; big profits. Bennett Bros., 7 Beverly St., Providence, R. I.

AGENTS — STREET WORKERS! MAKE money buying rebuilt Elgin, Waltham watches. Jewelry. Free catalog. Cutaway, 9 Eldridge St., N. Y.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREAT- est dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR- ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO EARN money doing clerical home work. Spare or whole time; either sex. Write Western Business Builders, 3847 Williams St., Denver, Colo.

GOVT. AND RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS needed everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write Modern Institute, Charles Blk., Denver, Colo.

YOU ARE WANTED AS U. S. GOVERNMENT Railway Postal Clerk—$135-$195—month. Men-women over 17. List positions open free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 26, Rochester, N. Y.

$75.00 WEEKLY FOR YOU, IF YOU HAVE a kodak or camera. Stamp brings particulars. Lloyd's, 122 Greenwich Ave., New York, N. Y.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS EARN from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM-12. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MAKE BIG MONEY—$10 DAILY OR MORE —as our agent. Distribute high grade line staple articles. Write for complete big wonder outfit. J. A. Singer, Mgr., 2335C Austin Ave., Chicago.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

DETECTIVE REPRESENTATIVES WANTED in every town. Experience unnecessary. National Detective Agency, 723, Youngstown, Ohio.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN-BOYS, BECOME AUTOMOBILE EX- perts. $45 week. Learn while earning. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 804, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $250-$300, RAIL- roads everywhere, experience unnecessary. (Which position?) Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BECOME DETECTIVE—BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 E. 79th, New York.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective, 100 St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LEARN DRESS-COSTUME DESIGNING AND making. Designers earn $45.00 week up. Easy. Fascinating. Women-girls, 15 up. Design and make your family dresses. Start parlors at your homes. Sample home study lessons—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E854, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE- paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE FINE! $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J, Rochester, N. Y.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU- sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts. Free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 308 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

AN INITIAL INVESTMENT OF FIVE DOL- lars may make you rich. Secured by deed to land and interest in oil wells. Write me at once for full particulars. M. F. Hinckley, Beatty Bldg., Houston, Texas, Dept. A.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

300% PER ANNUM IN SAFE BUSINESS enterprise. Write to 607 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

TRICKS—GAMES

MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY, 38c; joker's exploding deck, 38c; trick perfume bottle, 8c; look-backs, 8c; "125 Card Tricks," 22c; "250 Parlor Tricks," 7c. Many other record-breaking bargains in my latest illustrated catalog of pocket tricks, jokes, puzzles and imported novelties. Send 6c for catalog and "10 Select Card Tricks." Lyle Douglas, Station A-1, Dallas, Texas.

BIG BOOK GAMES, TRICKS, MAGIC, EN- tertainment, 10c. Catalogs for stamp. Harvey Teeple, Publisher, Decatur, Indiana.

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Edina, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE- stone, tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MEN

GOVERNMENT WANTS RAILWAY MAIL Clerks. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E6, Rochester, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROY- alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU WRITE WORDS FOR A SONG—WE write the music, publish, and secure a copyright. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 212, Chicago, Illinois.

WRITE A SONG POEM—I COMPOSE MU- sic and guarante publication. Send poem today. E. Hanson, 3810 Broadway, Room 113, Chicago.

HIBBELER'S VALUABLE INFORMATION to song poem writers, 10c. Ray Hibbeler, D45, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS! TURN IDEAS INTO money. Instructions $1.00. Information free. Thorco, 2134 Kent, Los Angeles, California.

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

OLD COINS

COLLECT OLD COINS FOR PLEASURE and profit. Send only 10c. Get large old U. S. copper cent, nearly size of half-dollar and illustrated coin catalogue. Send now. B. Max Mehl, Coin Dealer, Dept. Y, Mehl Building, Fort Worth, Texas.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

BILLS LAXATIVE LIVER AND KIDNEY pill; guaranteed; fifty for twenty five cents, by mail only. Dr. W. I. Menard, O. D. Ph. G., 1913 Foster Ave., Chicago, Ill., Dept. L.

PERSONAL

MEN—BE STRONG, MANLY, FULL OF energy, courage; give age, send $1 for the Ideal Hercules Vital Remedy, postpaid, we will guarantee to send at any time if needed more free of charge. Ideal Remedy Co., D5, Lakemills, Wis.

WEAK, DISCOURAGED, BROKEN DOWN men! Try NRG. Tablets. They build up, renew energy, courage. Full month's treatment, $2.00. Mailed in plain package. Conover Sales Co., Distributers, 710 W. 46th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

THOUSANDS, WORTH $5,000 TO $100,000; anxious for marriage; list; free. Ralph Hyde, D-2, San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, PAR- ticulars free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WIDOW WORTH $45,000 WISHES MAR- riage. Phillips, Box 3144, Jax, Florida.

GENTLEMAN, 44, WITH $75,000, WILL marry. Q-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish remarkable results as a rejuvenating, vitalizing tonic and health-builder for people of all ages. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Y.Z.)

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kansas.

MARRY AT ONCE. WE PUT YOU IN COR- respondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry; many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B520, Valley, Nebr.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO- ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 12 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEAD WHERE there are fine fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Write Knapp Trio, 378A Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn. References, Commercial State Bank.

CURE BED WETTING — BLADDER trouble. Use dependable harmless remedy. Get the benefit of our 20 years' experience, a package of Pen-Ine, and advice free. Missouri Remedy Co., Office 26, St. Louis, Mo.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL- ist, brings his serial No. 1 on kidney and urinary diseases; valuable information, send today; postage 4c. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY—WITHIN SIXTY DAYS. PAY when married. Send no money for our new liberty guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk 10, Marshall, Mich.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS? Embarrassed in company? These troubles overcome. Write for particulars. Correspondence confidential. A. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 26, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

JOIN OUR FRIENDSHIP CIRCLE. MAGA- zine with list, 10c. Your name 3 months in circle, 25c. Golden Opportunities, Medina, N. Y.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN—GET MARRIED, Advanced favors, privileges. Circular and lover's photo, 10 cents. Club, 122 Greenwich Ave., New York, N. Y.

MEN—PLEASE WRITE TO THIS LONELY girl; has income for two. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

320—BIG PAPER CONTAINING NAMES, addresses, descriptions, lonesome people, 25c. Box 3317Y, Boston, Massachusetts.

LONESOME, PROSPEROUS AND REFINED lawyer, desires a wife. Write Box 749, Chicago, Illinois.

MARRY—BEST PLAN, HUNDREDS RICH, confidential, reliable. Lists and descriptions free. Unity, B-3, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED — MANY WEALTHY clients desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE- scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLI- cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY REFINED MAN DE- sires a wife. Confidential. Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

PIMPLES: ACNE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED, Booklet for stamp. Dr. Rodgers, 135 East 47th St., Chicago.

IF YOU WANT A HEALTHY, WEALTHY, loving wife, write Violet Ray, C. C. Dennison, Ohio. Enclose stamped envelope.

MARRY — STAMPED ENVELOPE BRINGS honest plan. Government employee, Box 1523, Wash., D. C.

IF YOU WISH A PRETTY AND WEALTHY wife, write Lillian Sproul, Sta. H., Cleveland, Ohio, enclosing stamped envelope.

CIVIL ENGINEER, 27, OWNS $40,000, wants wife. W-Box 225, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, 25, WITH MONEY, would marry. H-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

PRETTY WIDOW, 35, WORTH $60,000, wants husband. N-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

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Here is a Genuine Bargain Sale! Here is your Big Chance to get some Necessities of Life—the requisites for Warm, Comfortable Sleep—at Substantially Reduced Prices! You be the Judge! You decide upon the Big Bargain Value of these Blankets and Comforts after Thirty Days' Trial in Your Own Home!

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ONLY **$1** With Order

Try This Fine Blanket 30 Nights

For comfortable, rest-giving sleep, a good, warm, wool mixed blanket is necessary. I guarantee that this high-grade wool blanket is everything you can expect in a fine article. It is a big double size—66x80 inches. It is made of high-grade long-staple wool, and contains just enough cotton to give it a strong, fine warp and to guarantee splendid wearing quality. Its Nap is long and luxuriously soft and lofty. Its colors are strictly fast; they will not run or fade. It weighs 4 pounds. It is pre-shrunk and its washing and wearing qualities are superb. **This blanket is regular $15 Value. You would be perfectly satisfied to pay $15 for it cash down in your home stores. My Special Bargain Price is only $10.95 and I give you "The Longest Time to Pay." Furthermore—"You Don't Buy from Pictures When you Deal with Spear."**

Only $1 Monthly

You decide its Bargain Value, you know its Satisfying Warmth and its Honest Quality after a Full Month's use. Then You Send It Back—If you Want To. You have your choice of several pleasing shades; be careful to state the color you desire. It would be good business to order several of these blankets while the price is so low. It is very easy to order this blanket. Just a few words and the first payment bring it to your door. Order No. K1425. Terms $1 with order, $1 monthly. Total Price $10.95.

ALL YOUR MONEY BACK

I want you to try this blanket before you decide to buy it. I want you to use it as if it were your own for a whole month. Then—I want you to send it back if you are not satisfied to the utmost with its Quality, Bargain Price and Easy Terms. Your first payment and all transportation charges will be refunded. The trial will not cost you a penny. These blankets come in distinctive plaid patterns, two inch blocks. You have your choice of the following shades: *Blue and White, Pink and White, Tan and White, Grey and White, Red and Black.* You may also have *plain Grey with Blue Border* (not plaid). Be careful to State Your Choice. You may order more than one blanket. If you want two, send $2 first payment; for three send $3, etc. ***Order No. K1425. Terms: $1 with order, $1 monthly. Bargain Price only $10.95. Don't Forget to Plainly State Your Choice of Colors.***

You can order as many Comforts as you desire. Because of the cut prices, you will save money by ordering as many as you need now and are likely to need in the near future. Remember you do not take a single chance at Spear's; a sale is not a sale until your satisfaction is complete. My "30 Days' Trial on Everything" protects you to the limit. You have your choice of several stunning designs. Be careful to order by Main Color. Order No. K1450. Terms $1 with order, 75c monthly. Total Price, $5.95.

Enjoy Its Downy Warmth 30 Nights

I want you to use one of these luxurious Persian Design Comforts for a whole month as if it were your own. I want you to be the judge of its unusual beauty, its high quality, its soft, fluffy coddling warmth, and its *Bargain Price.* I want you to see with your own eyes how it will refine and improve the day-dress of your bed. **You wou'd gladly pay $9 cash down for this Comfort because that is its regular value. My Bargain Price is only $5.95. And you don't have to pay cash in advance. You pay only 75c a month if your satisfaction is complete—nothing if it is not.**

ONLY **$1** With Order

Only 75c Monthly

All Your Money Back

One dollar brings your choice of these Comforts right into your home on 30 Days' Trial and Use. If your satisfaction is not complete—if you are displeased in any way—you may return it. Your first payment and all transportation costs will be refunded to you. The Trial will not cost you a penny.

You have your choice of Three Beautiful Color Designs: (1) Main Color, *Pink.* (2) Main Color, *Green.* (3) Main Color, *Blue.* Every Comfort has a rich Persian border and an elaborate Persian Design in Center. These designs are combinations of green, blue white, heliotrope, old rose and other dainty, cheerful shades which blend perfectly with the Main Color. Each comfort is mitered all around with an attractive border design and has four matched corners instead of only two. It is filled with an abundance of pure, white warm cotton. Weighs about 7 pounds and imparts an unusual degree of warmth. Edges are well finished and this Comfort is scroll-stitched throughout. Actual size 68 x 80 inches. A very large, practical size Comfort. You may order more than one Comfort.

If you want two send $2 first payment; for three send $3 first payment, and so on.

It is very easy to order this Comfort. Just a few words and the first payment brings it to your door. Order No. K1450. Terms: $1 with order, 75 cents monthly. Total Price, $5.95.

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This page announces but two of my bargains. My catalog pictures and describes thousands of them. All my prices are lower. Now more than ever It Will Pay You to Deal with Spear. Send for my Big Free Catalog Today. It proves that I give the Lowest Prices, the Longest Time to Pay, and a Money-Back Bond in Everything.

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Furniture	Baby Carriages	Washing Machines
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Nathaniel Spear
President

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